

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



I. Hardwick

January scene in Somerset

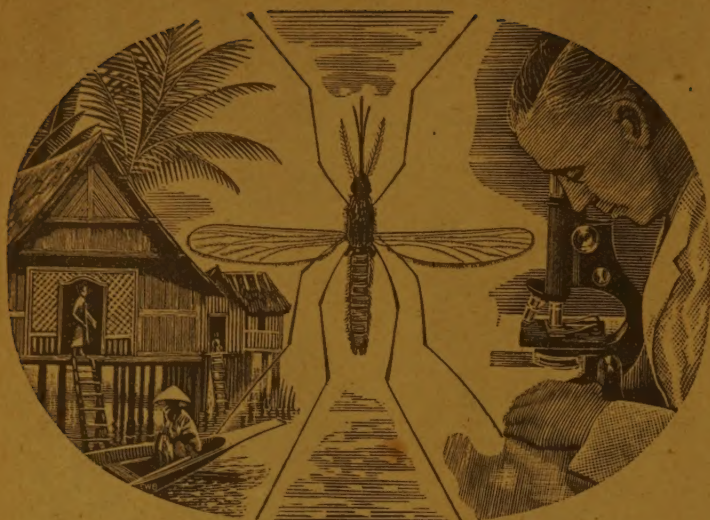
In this number:

Germany as a Trade Competitor (Terence Prittie)

Ten Weeks in Brazil—I (Julian Duguid)

Modern Art in Finland (J. Hampden Jackson)



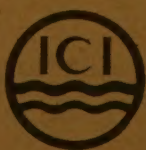


## Man Against Mosquito

MALARIA has killed more men than wars have ever done. Its conquests in days gone by have played a large part in determining the pattern of civilisation. Even during the last war, its influence was felt in many theatres of operation. It often caused more casualties to Service personnel than were inflicted by the enemy. Prior to 1925, the only anti-malarial in general use was quinine. In that year the synthetic compound pamaquin was introduced, to be followed by mepacrine in 1930. Although these drugs represented a great advance in the prevention and treatment of the disease, it was not until 1944 that efforts to find a more effective and less toxic drug resulted in the discovery of 'Paludrine' in the I.C.I. research laboratories. The new drug proved supreme in the protection and treatment of all those working in malarious areas and, after being in use for some eight years, it is established in world medical practice as a vital attacking force in the fight against the disease.

In numerous countries 'Paludrine' is being used extensively by Governments, large employers of labour, the armed forces, and in countless households. In Korea, the incidence of malaria is exceptionally low among those troops of the Commonwealth Division who receive the drug as a matter of routine. Furthermore, 'Paludrine' was one of the drugs carried by the recent successful Everest expedition. Tested in war, proved in peace, 'Paludrine' is playing a significant part in safeguarding the health of millions of people of many races and creeds. It is only one of the discoveries of world significance which have accrued from I.C.I.'s research and development programme—a programme to which the company devotes no less than £7,500,000 per year.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



## Books galore!

You may have  
the most unusual taste in literature. It makes  
no difference: you can get the books you want  
easily and quickly through

**W.H.Smith & Son's  
Bookshops**

## Shares that do not depreciate

**3%**  
INCOME  
TAX PAID

### ◀ SUBSCRIPTION SHARES

For small sums of 5/- and upwards at any time.  
On reaching £25 a paid-up share is issued and  
the subscription share is kept open for further  
investments.

### ▶ PAID-UP SHARES

Paid-up Shares are issued in multiples of £25.  
The Lambeth Building Society's shares bought at  
their face value are repaid at their face value. They  
are not subject to any fluctuation whatsoever.  
In addition there are the following advantages.

- No stamp duty, commission or other charges.
- Income Tax paid by the Society.
- Security of 100 years standing.
- Prompt and easy withdrawal.

**2½%**  
INCOME  
TAX PAID

These shares give a return equivalent to £5. 9. 1d. per cent., and £4.10.11d  
per cent. respectively, subject to Income Tax at 9/- in the £.

*The Secretary will be pleased to send you full particulars:*

**LAMBETH**

**BUILDING SOCIETY**

Dept. WA 112 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD

LONDON, S.E.1. TELEPHONE: WATERLOO 5478

*Assets*  
£5,213,688

*Reserves*  
£383,175



# The Listener

Vol. LI. No. 1299

Thursday January 21 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

The American Political Scene in 1953 (Max Lerner) ...	123
Germany as a Trade Competitor (Terence Prittie) ...	125
A Great French President (William Pickles) ...	127
American Relations with China (Michael Curtis) ...	129
Ten Weeks in Brazil—I (Julian Duguid) ...	133
Creating 'Good' Jobs: a Problem of Industry (Tom Brennan) ...	139

### THE LISTENER:

Facts about Television ...	130
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	130

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

The Theatre in the United States Today (Alan Dent) ...	131
Clothes Gay and Sombre (Dr. Otto Samson) ...	131
Cheating the Mosquito (Evelyn Cheesman) ...	131
Strengthening Weak Bridges (Cyril Chettoe) ...	132

### ART:

Rubens and the Influence of Italy (Michael Jaffé) ...	135
Modern Art in Finland (J. Hampden Jackson) ...	144
Round the London Art Galleries (Quentin Bell) ...	146

### BIOGRAPHY:

The Author of 'The Golden Bough'—II (Rev. Victor White, O.P.)	137
---------------------------------------------------------------	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	140
--------------------------------------------	-----

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Rev. A. C. Bouquet, Dr. Alfred Cobban, Dr. David Thomson, Robert Graves and Joshua Podro, T. F. Breen, F. S. Marston, Cyril Scott, Honor Tracy, H. A. Lake Barnett, Doms Davy, and Andrew Hook ...	142
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

### LITERATURE:

The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	147
New Novels (Hester W. Chapman) ...	151

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	152
Television Drama (Anthony Curtis) ...	153
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	153
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	155
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	155

### MUSIC:

Giuseppe Torelli: An Early Composer of Concertos (Basil Lam)	157
--------------------------------------------------------------	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	159
-----------------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	159
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,238 ...	159
-------------------------	-----

## The American Political Scene in 1953

By MAX LERNER

NINETEEN-hundred and fifty-three was in many ways a feverish year for Americans, with such lurid events as the farm revolt, the Korean crisis, the outcry over the case of Harry Dexter White, and the continued public fervour of Senator McCarthy which brought him finally into clash with President Eisenhower. But the strummings and posings of political figures on the public stage have a way of growing dim in a remarkably brief time. What remains, as the psychic residue of the events of a year, is little more than a prevailing mood. It is not very different from what happens in the mind of the spectator at a play as he watches the changes in the characters and their actions through the course of the evening. What stays in his mind is the succession of changing images as the play has unfolded, and a mood which the playwright and the actors have evoked in him about man's destiny and the human situation.

I should venture that the dramatic image comes closer to the psychological truth than any view based on the assumption of men as reasoning political creatures, calculating advantages and disadvantages by some rational standards of judgment. Amidst the often highly technical decisions that have to be made in the modern state, the individual citizen is no longer the active civic figure that he was in the Athens of Pericles. He feels himself in most instances reduced to the rôle of spectator at a drama that he can only periodically control by raising a clamour which drives it off the stage and by replacing it with another at which he is again mainly a spectator.

The principal figure on the American stage in 1953 was, of course, President Eisenhower. He came to his high office with a greater fund of popular good will than any American President has had since Washington himself. There was a widespread sense that somehow he had the commanding stature for the great office, that he had dealt with captains and kings yet never lost the common touch. For almost a year

he played the rôle of a benevolent father who refused to judge between his children, and who looked benignly at their little bickerings. But the failure to push legislative measures through Congress, to use patronage and party discipline in the age-old manner in order to achieve political effectiveness, the failure to take a sharp stand against his bitterest enemies within his own party—all these finally added up to threatening disaster.

The crisis came at the end of a summer of inaction with deep discontent among the farmers and in the trades unions. The fund of good will dribbled away with alarming rapidity, and the straw polls showed Eisenhower's popularity steadily sinking. The off-year elections in November, which swung heavily to the Democrats, frightened Republican leaders. It has been charged that this influenced the timing of the Brownell bombshell on the White case, which in turn set off an explosive series of events which reached their climax in the Truman and McCarthy broadcasts.

Out of this clash and turmoil President Eisenhower carried off the political miracle of the year. He managed to emerge a firmer and more decisive figure than he had seemed at any time since he came into office. How he accomplished it is still too elusive to be pinned down. At first he seemed merely a bewildered onlooker caught in a fight of street-corner toughs. When McCarthy challenged his leadership in a dramatic broadcast, the stage was set for the President to show some of his own fibre. Quietly, but with firmness, he rejected McCarthy's attack on our British allies, and rejected equally the idea that the 1954 elections would be fought on the issue of spy-hunting. When McCarthy called for a hail-storm of telegrams in protest against British trade with China, the result was a fiasco. It became clear that, whatever McCarthy's strength with some groups of the American people, he was not strong in any contest with Eisenhower. When the President followed up this sequence of



events with his climactic speech at the United Nations on a peace-time atomic pool, he gave a new dimension to his public image which it had lacked before.

How and why did President Eisenhower manage to retrieve this image, even though he has accomplished little that is concrete? One clue is that Americans have always demanded of their top political figures a difficult double role. They must be fighters, squaring off against flesh-and-blood opponents; yet they must also be statesmanlike leaders who, in the welter of battle, show qualities that set them off from the common run of combatants. Eisenhower's mistake had been to seek the quality of statesmanship by pretending to be above the battle. Now, in being drawn into the struggle and in having to meet the McCarthy challenge, he has come closer to fulfilling the double role that Americans demand of their leading actors.

A second clue is that Eisenhower has managed to disassociate himself from what Americans call 'the Administration'—even though it is his own Administration. Most Americans regard him as a political novice, a little like the eighteenth-century notion of the innocent agrarian unaccustomed to the ways of the wicked cities and therefore uncorrupted by them. Anyone else in the presidency would long ago have been destroyed by the blunders which Eisenhower's lieutenants have been guilty of. Yet Eisenhower has remained largely unscathed, because the people insist on distinguishing between his own good instincts and the mistakes of the men around him. How long he can maintain this protective shield is in the lap of history.

If we look at some of his lieutenants as they have walked across the stage, they do not form an impressive group. The ablest of the Cabinet of business men that Eisenhower has gathered round him is probably the Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, who dominates the economic policies of the government. Thus far Humphrey has been a shadowy figure. Yet he may prove a central figure in Washington, since most economic observers now expect that there will be a drop in total employment and in national income during 1954, and the only question is how serious this drop—or 'recession'—will be and whether its shock can be effectively cushioned.

### A Shadowy Figure Who Shapes Policy

Another important figure, equally shadowy, is that of Admiral Radford, the head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who has shaped the military policy of the Administration. Radford's policy is to cut down drastically on army and marine strength and concentrate on the strategic air force and atomic weapons; it is also to pull in American forces from what he regards as over-extended military commitments, and rely on the threat of air power and long-range strategic weapons. One fruit of this policy was the Korean truce, another the withdrawal of two divisions from Korea. Although he is one of the movers and shakers on the American scene, Radford adheres to the tradition that military men should be rarely seen and little heard from, that they are technicians and not moulders of policy. The facts are against this view, but Americans still like to cling to it.

I come to the highly controversial figure of John Foster Dulles. The post of Secretary of State is the most vulnerable one in Washington. Every incumbent has felt as if he were running the gauntlet of spears, knives, and clubs between two bloodthirsty rows of savages. I think the reason is that foreign policy is almost wholly centred in the Executive Department, so that Congress feels almost as frustrated in shaping it as do most of the people themselves. The Secretary of State thus seems to be wielding immense power in the most important area of policy without having been elected to his post of power. He does not even have, as does the President, the prestige of supreme office to protect him. He has responsibility without command, and vulnerability without the power to strike back. Hull and Byrnes, Marshall and Acheson found their experience a martyrdom.

Dulles has been no exception. He lacks the qualities of charm and command that some of his predecessors had—Acheson's grace and wit, Marshall's prestige, Hull's long Congressional experience. He has the unhappy knack of blustering when the situation calls for tact, and of whispering when it calls for a clear and firm voice. Yet it would be a mistake to think that his policies are not also Eisenhower's. At no crucial point in the development of these policies over the past year—whether on the score of cutting down on European aid, or pushing the ratification of E.D.C., or pressing for the rearmament of Germany, or the crisis over Israel and the Arab States, or the new orientation toward Pakistan rather than India, or the jockeyings with Winston Churchill on the question of a non-aggression agreement with Russia—on none of these

phases of American policy could any wedge be driven between the President and his Secretary. Nevertheless in recent months one gets the impression that Eisenhower, who is deeply sensitive about his military conditioning, has decided to live up to his cherished role as peace-maker, and that the long-heralded informal talks with the Russians may yet take place.

### Senator McCarthy's Aims

I have left to the end the not at all shadowy figure of Senator McCarthy. His supporters regard him as a combination of Paul Revere and Savonarola, alerting the nation to its dangers and saving its eternal soul from the threats of godless communism. How strong the legions of these supporters are is still one of the moot questions in America. The usual straw polls will not do much good here, since they fail to measure the intensity of feeling and the traditions of support, which are the heart of the matter. As for those who oppose him, they are divided in opinion about his role in history. One of the two camps believes him to be one of a long succession of American reactionaries, in the tradition of the isolationist demagogues and the shrewd political orators. The other camp—to which I myself incline—sees him as breaking with the tradition, as indeed from the whole two-party structure of American politics, and as aiming at something close to an American police-and-dossier state.

Whichever of these versions will prove to be the more correct, there is little doubt that 1953 has marked the high point of McCarthy's noise and power. He has reached vast television audiences, and has been shown to them in the image of the stern prosecutor ferreting out espionage, and the unsentimental judge who throws lawyers and witnesses out of the courtroom because he will not let them make communist speeches. He will have, in 1954, another great test of his talents when the Republicans call upon him—as they are likely to do—to help defeat such Democratic senators as Douglas and Humphrey. Yet there are signs that 1953 may prove to have been McCarthy's Golden Age, never to be recaptured, to which he will long look back with nostalgia. A good deal depends, of course, upon how firm Eisenhower proves in handling him. But there is the added fact that a habit-fatigue may be setting in on the long-protracted communist hunt; that Americans are returning to their earlier concern with jobs and wages and the price of lamb chops; and that they may come to see that for all his strutting on the stage, the implications of McCarthy's utterances lead ultimately to a renewed war in which America will stand shorn of its allies and stripped of the powerful image of a free people.

What I am suggesting is that at the play's close, at the end of 1953, there is a strong impulse among Americans to return to what we call 'normalcy'. This does not mean isolationism. But it does mean a fervent desire for an end to the constant state of crisis, conspiracy, and salvation. Even in time of war such a crisis mood cannot long be sustained. In time of peace it is even harder.

This is what the Democrats and the more moderate Republicans are counting upon. It is what keeps Adlai Stevenson a figure of importance in American politics despite the fact that he holds no office, has no job, and must rely on television appearances at Democratic Party fund-raising dinners to keep him before the people. During most of 1953 Stevenson's role on the American public stage was that of the man who was not there. The image he has aimed to achieve is one of sober judgment, of hard thinking about difficult foreign and economic problems, of unifier of factions among Democrats, and of a good-humoured and witty refusal to be caught up either in the McCarthy hysteria or the anti-McCarthy obsessiveness. If Stevenson should be asked what he had done during the stormy year of 1953 his answer might well be that he had stayed alive—politically. Since American politics has often proved like a Shakespeare last act in leaving a political shambles on the stage as the curtain falls, this is in itself no mean achievement.

—Third Programme

### 'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume L (July to December, 1953) may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices,  
35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1



# Germany as a Trade Competitor

By TERENCE PRITTIE

**W**EATHER prophets are usually gloomy people. So are economic prophets. Today their talk is mainly about a coming American trade recession or depression which will cause the threat of a world economic slump. Worst hit in the event of such a slump will be those countries which have to 'export in order to live'—with Britain heading the list. Less affected will be only those countries with comparatively 'balanced' economies—countries which produce most of their own food, raw materials, and industrial goods. In any event, a real American depression would hit everyone and would give competition in the world's temporarily constricted export markets something of the nature of that desperately fierce struggle for survival which animated man in the Stone Age and the Nazi concentration camps.

World trade recession would confront Britain with her most persistent rivals in the export markets—most of all, perhaps, with Germany and Japan. The comfortable slogan of 'room for everyone' would no longer apply should the world's purchasing power decline and capital and credit become dangerously scarce. The Germans are busily arming themselves for this bleakest of all possibilities, and their first and most effective weapon is a huge and unshakable optimism. The Federal German Minister of Economics, Professor Ludwig Erhard, has often been depicted as the most obvious and challenging symbol of this optimism. He has so many natural advantages. He is rotund, but in no way dropically fat. He has a schoolgirl-and-claret complexion, a jaunty step, and he smokes the sort of outsize cigar which exhales the spirit of self-confidence. He is live, lusty and—dare one say?—Elizabethan. In his quests for liberalisation of trade, for the sweeping away of customs barriers and for the free convertibility of currencies, Erhard has all the robust adventurousness of the Drakes and Hawkinses who sailed into uncharted seas.

On January 1, he wrote his New Year's message to the German people in the columns of *Die Welt*. Here are a few of the things that he told them: 'Problems exist in order to be solved, difficulties in order to be overcome. Pessimism is a damnable state of mind, for the nine-times-clever-in-life know nothing that we do not know. They are merely too cowardly to bear their responsibilities and try to hide under a halo of wisdom in order to conceal their faint hearts and shallow brain-pans'. This is Elizabethan language, even though the portly professor is hardly as romantic a figure as Good Queen Bess. Western Germany, Erhard went on, will continue to expand economically. 'This was our aim in 1953 and we raised production by 8.5 per cent. We wanted to improve our standard of living and raised that by 8 per cent. too. We wanted to create new jobs and have achieved a record with 16,000,000 people in employment. We wanted to build houses and we have built nearly 500,000 in a year. We wanted to increase our export trade and have

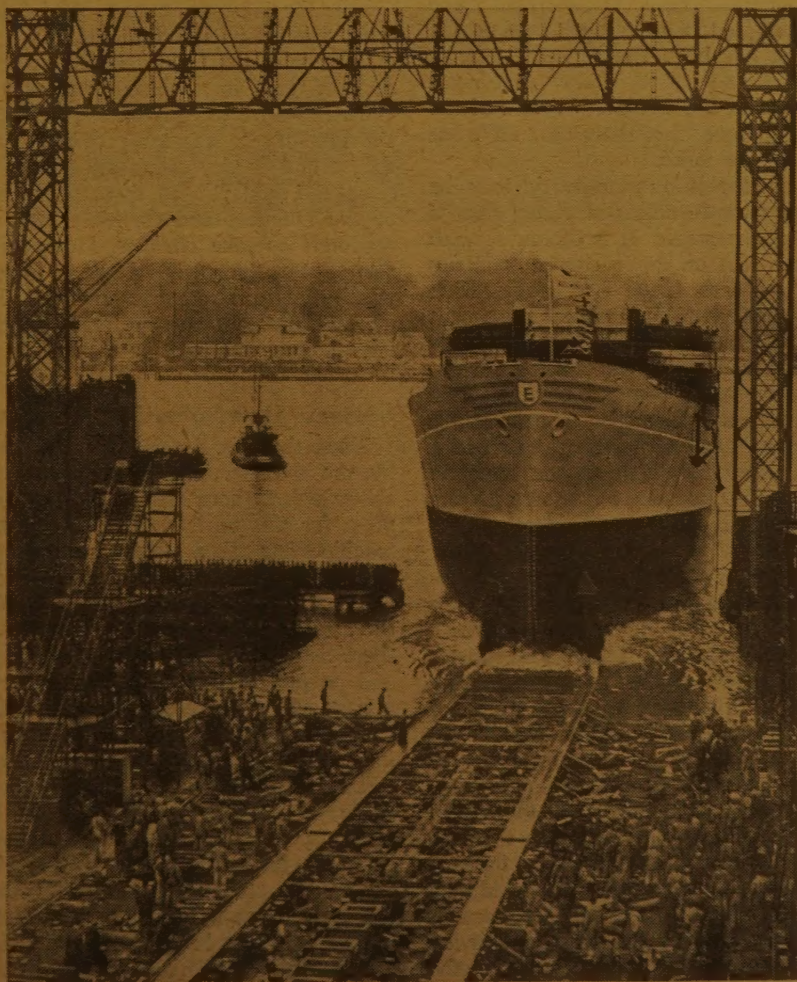
done so. In 1953 our exports totalled 18,000,000,000 marks and exceeded imports by 2,000,000,000'. With a poetic disregard for the mundane fact of billions of dollars from American aid programmes, Professor Erhard declared: 'Nobody made a present of anything at all to the German people in the years behind us, and we climbed out of chaos and despair by our own honest efforts'. Hard work was the explanation of past successes, hard work and brimming self-confidence the clue to the rosy future.

Professor Erhard believes what he says and has a habit of being right. Western German economic expansion, the wiseacres say, is slowing down. Of course it is, for the achievements of the last five years tend to be measured against the hunger, hopelessness, and bankruptcy of the pre-currency reform era. Thus the Bank of the German Länder end-of-year report was almost morbidly concerned with the fact that exports increased by 'only' 16 per cent. last year, as against 74 per cent. in 1952. It was bound to admit, however, that Germany's surplus of exports over imports had multiplied nearly four times to a figure of over 2,000,000,000 marks. German shipbuilders in Hamburg told me that their order-books were unhealthy, yet the 1953 shipbuilding index is 519 per cent. of 1948 and there is enough work on hand and on order to keep this industry working to capacity until the spring of 1956. German statisticians complain that British fears of German competition are not justified by their figures. Perhaps not, but the Federal Republic is today exporting roughly twice as many capital goods to the countries of western Europe as Britain is. In 1952, the figures were £228,000,000 worth against £125,000,000. In 1952, moreover, German exports of machinery to the United States forged ahead of British—roughly £13,000,000 against £10,000,000 worth. The pattern of trade in 1953 will be shown to have been the same.

Any detailed study of German economic progress at the present would fill a book. I shall refer only to two aspects—the growth of the shipbuilding industry and



Professor Ludwig Erhard, Federal German Minister of Economics



A new German tanker, the *Wilhelmine Essberger*, being launched from Hamburg shipyards last week



the invasion of near-eastern and British Empire markets by German firms. The great North Sea ports of Germany were roughly 70 per cent. destroyed by bombing during the war. Later some of their most modern shipyards were dismantled by Allied order, and German firms were forbidden to build ships of more than 1,500 tons until mid-1949. The last restrictions on shipbuilding were only removed little over two years ago and one great shipyard—that of Blohm und Voss—will probably only be given permission to build ships again during the course of the next few weeks. In January, 1950, the German merchant fleet totalled 290,000 tons: in 1951 the figure was 730,000 tons and today around 2,050,000 tons. The Korean war certainly helped produce a shipping boom, but orders today total over 2,300,000 tons and the German carrying trade on the seas continues to expand. This year the port of Bremen has been unloading 140 per cent. of pre-war cargoes.

### Shipbuilding Drive

The shipbuilders of the Clyde and Mersey may shrug their shoulders at what still appears a remote and insignificant German challenge to British supremacy. There are at least three reasons why they should not do so. The first is the tremendous impetus of the German shipbuilding drive which has been helped by tax remission under the special '7.d.' clause. This clause has allowed at least 200,000,000 marks of shipping profits to be ploughed back into the industry. At present the German target is to increase the size of the merchant fleet to 3,500,000 tons by the end of 1955. A world trade recession would slow down the rate of expansion, but it would hardly put it into reverse. In the second place, German shipbuilders have earned a high reputation for repair facilities. Saturday and Sunday are the two busiest days of the week in the Hamburg and Bremen harbours, for foreign shipowners know that repairs will be carried out there and cargoes unloaded irrespective of whole or half holidays. There may be up to 120 ships in Hamburg harbour on a Sunday, and an average of only 80 during the week. Not for nothing has it earned its title of 'the Speedy Port'.

Finally, the labour situation is remarkably sound. The German dockers take their orders from a single trade union and German trade union policies are based on increasing production and raising the standard of living. In Hamburg there has been one serious strike in the shipyards during the last five years. It resulted in about one sixth of the labour-force striking for under a week. As in every sector of the German economy, workers do not talk about 'fair shares for all', but raise their productive effort in order to earn more.

The German threat to the British shipbuilding industry may be something of a comparatively remote nature—unless a slump gives a greater point to German virility and perseverance. It is otherwise with the German invasion of the markets of the under-developed countries of the world. There is, for instance, the case of the firm of Friedrich Krupp. Krupps were bombed, demolished, and dismantled. Component parts of the firm were split away from each other under Allied decartelisation measures. Yet by last spring its revival was in full swing. Krupps' representatives became some of the best-known passengers on the world's airways. They flew to India and arranged to construct a steel mill there with a plant capacity of 1,000,000 tons a year, and a cement works in the middle of Southern India's limestone reserves. They agreed to build a 'pilot' steel plant in Pakistan, a dam and power-station in Egypt, a nickel processing plant in Greece, a bridge over the Bosphorus for Turkey.

Severed from their former coal-mines and debarred from producing steel by Allied decree, Krupps are blazing a trail which is being followed by many other German firms who are not afraid of British competition in traditionally British export markets. There is no sinister secret involved in this. For the Indian steel mill Krupps are putting up a maximum of £7,000,000 out of a total long-term credit of £54,000,000. Even this sum must have been difficult to find. When the Export Credit Company recently apparently extended its terms of credit to eight years in order to finance the Krupps deal in Greece, German banks protested on the grounds that the company could grant only five-year credits. The truth is that Krupps and other German firms are entering Empire markets by the orthodox front-door of straightforward trade negotiation. In spite of whisperings about hidden subsidies, no evidence has yet been produced that present-day German traders are reverting to the dubious methods of the nineteen-thirties, when political pressure, the sale of second-hand armaments, and the downright dishonest clearing-house agreements of the Nazis facilitated the so-called 'bloodless invasion' of the economies of south-east Europe.

Germans, indeed, stoutly maintain the fairness of their present-day

trading methods. 'We want free competition', Herr von Scherpenberg, head of the sterling area trade section of the Foreign Office, told me. 'Free competition will increase productivity and raise the standard of living. Our talks with our opposite numbers in Britain on this subject have been amicable. Of course, both Britain and western Germany must encourage exporters, and apply their own methods openly. And competition is bound to be more obvious now that from the Vistula to Vladivostok is shut to both of us'.

Von Scherpenberg admitted that only the reopening of eastern and east European markets would ease Anglo-German competition. He believed that this could be the third stage in the Soviet's 'new policy' of raising the standard of living in the eastern bloc. But first would come a reorientation of production within the bloc, and the speeded-up integration of its component countries. He admitted, too, that Germany is making a big and successful effort to recapture her Chinese trade. The volume of German trade with China and Hongkong was roughly three times higher in 1953 than in the previous year, and was up to about 60 per cent. of pre-war. All of this trade came within the terms of the American 'Battle Act' which forbids the export of 'strategic goods' to the Iron Curtain countries. It provides an interesting pointer to the developing German trade-drive in the Far East. Men like von Scherpenberg and Erhard, however, believe that the western world is big enough for Britain and Germany. In a private interview last week Professor Erhard told me that economic competition between the two countries was one of the healthiest factors in the western world. 'Germany', he said, 'knows it is to her interest that the British economy should flourish. For Britain and the Commonwealth provide between them the best market of all for German goods'.

Professor Erhard believed, too, not only that competition was being fairly conducted on both sides, but that it was to the advantage of both Britain and Germany to do away with the remnants of export bonuses and incentive schemes and to make the pound and mark currencies freely convertible. He told me that the freeing of the mark would be the crowning achievement of his efforts to make German trading successful, free, and fair.

Fair the German export campaign may be, but its threat to Britain must not be under-estimated for a moment. There are at least five reasons why the Germans are making such spectacular headway and each of these is to some extent untypical of Britain. The first is the German desire to 'get back', to overcome the ruins, refugee problem, the loss of the eastern provinces and the division of their country. The second is the canalisation of Germanic energies into the purely economic field. Today those broad Pan-German horizons bewitch few of the toughest and thriftiest citizens of Europe. The third is the readiness to take chances. During the last year German banks have roughly doubled their volume of long-term lending and are taking risks which would scandalise any big British bank. In the same way, German business men are readily ploughing back profits into their own undertakings and backing themselves up to the hilt.

### German Determination to Work

Then there is the German determination to work, which is backed by the trade unions as well as the Government. Half-hearted talk about a forty-hour week has come to nothing and the unions will not press for this until a further rationalisation of the German industrial machine has taken place. Unemployment is mainly 'structural' and will be reduced as the Ministry of Refugees' resettlement plans mature. Unemployment, for that matter, is 160,000 below last year's figure and the labour force continues to grow by around 500,000 a year. Finally, there is the instinctive mutual understanding between Government and people. Erhard's free-trading methods have helped to bring prosperity and are generally popular. Germans were tired of Nazi and war-time controls, and the German is honestly ready to work more in order to earn more and to buy more.

The paper *Die Welt* believes that a great many countries, such as India, and South Africa, will be increasingly ready to trade with Germany as a 'non-imperialist' power. This paper thinks that such countries instinctively sympathise with Germany, because she was so roughly treated after the war. Whether this is true or not, the German trade challenge is growing. It is backed by rising production, reduced import prices, a lowered cost of living, and a contented labour force. It is sure that the challenge must be squarely met if the British economy is not to run the risk of serious setback, and that it can be met only if German energy, hard work, and imagination are recognised and duplicated and perhaps improved on.—*Third Programme*



# A Great French President

By WILLIAM PICKLES

**T**ODAY\* is the first full day in office of M. René Coty as the second President of the Fourth French Republic. There can surely be no better moment to look back at the recent history of the office, and see how it became what it is. In the main, the Fourth Republic has been a failure. Most of its constitutional innovations are to be abandoned, with almost unanimous consent, as soon as agreement can be reached on what is to replace them. Its one outstanding success has been the presidency, and that consolation is due in large measure to an evolution vastly different from anything that the authors of the Constitution either imagined or intended.

In traditional French thinking, the idea of a single Head of State is not a republican concept. It has a flavour of monarchy, and for Frenchmen looking back to history, the nineteenth century is full of warnings of its dangers. Napoleon Bonaparte turned himself from First Consul into sole Consul as a preliminary to making himself Emperor; Louis Napoleon turned himself from President into Emperor, and the Monarchists who drafted the Constitution of the Third Republic intended that its President should give way to a king, as soon as they had settled their private quarrels.

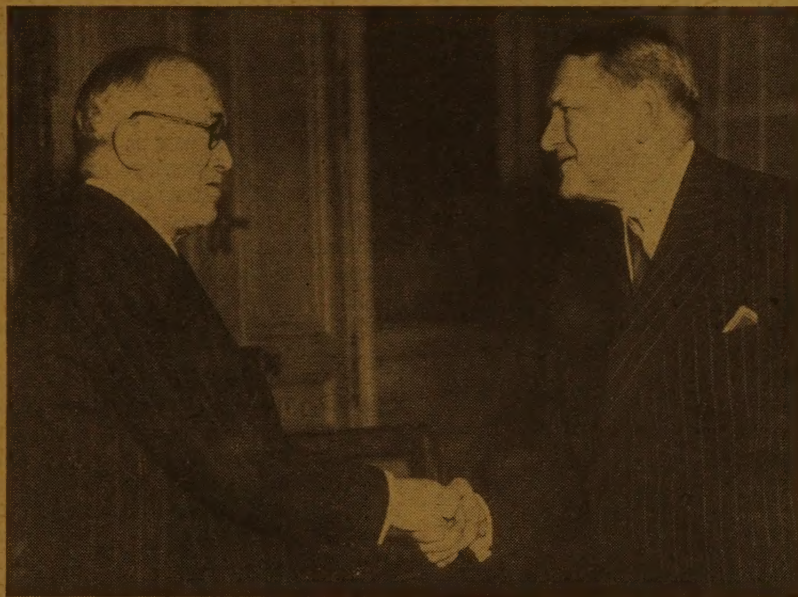
The Constituent Assemblies of 1945 and 1946 saw themselves almost as revolutionary assemblies. They were new brooms with an Augean stable waiting their attentions, and it was inevitable that they should ask themselves whether the perpetuation of the office of President, as the Third Republic had known it, was either desirable or necessary. The range of opinions was the widest possible.

General de Gaulle wanted the President to be elected by a broadly based electoral college, to have a fixed term of office, and to exercise the political powers of a Prime Minister—an arrangement which, in the absence of the checks implicit in a federal system, would have made the French President even more powerful than his American counterpart. At the other extreme, M. Léon Blum would have abolished the office altogether and handed its functions over to the Prime Minister.

As with everything else in the Constitution, the solution finally reached was a compromise. The President is elected by Parliament for seven years, and is re-eligible only once. He cannot dissolve the National Assembly: so, on this point, the practice of the Third Republic has become the Constitutional doctrine of the Fourth. He is not the formal head of the Executive, as his predecessors of the Third Republic had been, and he does not enjoy the right, which they had, to appoint the Prime Minister and his colleagues, subject only to the subsequent approval of the Chamber of Deputies. Instead, he has to follow a complicated procedure, intended to ensure that Prime Ministers are the choice of the National Assembly and not, as it was alleged they often had been, of the President of the Republic. These changes were the measure of the victory of the Left in this question. They were intended to restrict the President to functions almost wholly either automatic or ceremonial. But written constitutions never go the ways that their authors intend, and the new procedure for finding Prime Ministers has in fact added a great deal to the political power of the President.

The constitutional compromise included some concessions to the Right wing. The President is entitled to address messages to the National Assembly, and to ask for a second deliberation, before promulgating

any law. He has the right, exercised conjointly with the President of the Senate, to seek the verdict of the Constitutional Committee on laws which appear to a majority of the Senate to be unconstitutional. But these concessions were unreal. Since the President is politically irresponsible, his actions in these matters require the counter-signature of the Prime Minister, and are therefore, in effect, governmental rather than presidential. On the other hand, two other concessions have yielded some real authority to the President—and may yet yield more. These are the *ex-officio* presidencies of the French Union—the semi-federal structure which has succeeded the French Empire—and the President's rights and duties in connection with a newly created body called the Higher Council of the Judiciary.



President Vincent Auriol (left) greeting his successor, M. René Coty, after the latter's election

The President's salary and allowances were fixed on the most modest level. He receives £60,000 a year, less the income tax on £4,000 of it, for all purposes, including entertainment and the maintenance of his fleet of cars and secretarial and advisory establishments. Clearly the presidency was intended to be a modest but dignified office, attracting modest men and conferring on them much less power than their predecessors had had. In 1947, those who thought of themselves as strong men did not offer themselves for the post, and many of those who voted for M. Auriol thought they had found a self-effacing, second-rate figure, typical of the average run of Presidents of the Third Republic. Yet, when the time came to appoint M. Auriol's successor, a month ago, the keenness of the competition for the post and the

widespread anxiety not to allow it to go to a strongly marked political personality showed clearly how important it had become.

One reason sometimes offered for this development is that the President is 'the guardian of the Constitution'. The press of all countries in recent weeks, and men in key constitutional offices like M. Herriot and M. Pernot during the last seven years, have more than once used that phrase. In fact there is nothing, either in the provisions of the Constitution or in presidential practice during the first term of the Fourth Republic, to justify its use. There is no guardian of the French Constitution, other than the consciences of those who are called upon to function within its framework. It is true that the President presides over the so-called Constitutional Committee, but that body is in fact no more than an arbitrator between the Senate and the National Assembly and only on such points of constitutionality as the Senate cares to raise, with the support of the President, and, behind him, of the Government. The Committee, in fact, has functioned only once, and then only on a minor conflict of parliamentary procedure.

The practice of the first seven years has been even more convincing on this point. The President has not always got what he wanted, even when he was trying to act in accordance with his own interpretation of his own constitutional functions. The constitution-makers certainly intended, for instance, that Prime Ministers should resign only if they were defeated on formal votes of confidence or censure, but M. Auriol failed to enforce that interpretation of the relevant articles when he tried to refuse M. Queuille's resignation in 1949, and though he succeeded on two occasions later, that was only because special circumstances were on his side. It is even more striking that on three occasions when he was specifically asked to intervene in a constitutional argument,



M. Auriol no less specifically refused, on the grounds that he had no right to do so—though one request came from the 'father' of the Assembly, and one from its President. Much the same thing can be said about the similar duty often attributed to the President in connection with the French Union. It is true, of course, that the nature of his office adds immense weight to anything he may say in private, but in public there is no way in which he could attempt to exercise special authority, either over the Constitution or over the French Union, without going well beyond the political irresponsibility which has always been an essential characteristic of the presidency.

But if M. Auriol has not been guarding the Constitution, what is it that has so much increased the authority of his office during his term? I should say three things, apart from his own character: first, the real power which the Constituent Assembly unintentionally gave to the President when it changed the rules governing the selection of Prime Ministers; second, the length of his term of office and the wide range of its functions; and, third, the contrast between a single clear mind and an unusually divided Assembly.

### Power in Choosing Prime Ministers

The Presidents of the Third Republic enjoyed some real power in choosing Prime Ministers. They could effectively exclude anyone whom they disliked, and they often had a wide choice among many possible Prime Ministers. In a multi-party system, if the intending Prime Minister has done his job properly he has collected enough votes to keep him in office for a time, as soon as he has found a Cabinet, because the big men bring the votes with them. So the President's own choice was often decisive. To put an end to this power, the Constitution-makers of the Fourth Republic gave to the President no more than the right to 'designate' a candidate, who had to be, in his own person, acceptable enough to the Assembly to be 'invested' with its confidence, by a majority of at least half its total membership, before he was allowed to go on to form a team of Ministers. In practice, these new rules, together with the fact that the Prime Minister can now dismiss Ministers and has a contingent right of dissolution, have made the finding of acceptable Prime Ministers much more difficult than it had ever been before. And the greater the difficulty, the greater the scope for presidential ingenuity.

M. Auriol rapidly evolved a technique of his own, especially when he had noticed that the chances of any given candidate's getting the necessary majority rose steadily as the length of the governmental interregnum drew on. In the later crises, President Auriol always began by eliminating the impossibles. When the votes had shown that they really were impossibles, he went on to try out one or two possible, but not very hopeful, aspirants, and at the right moment, when Deputies were becoming alarmed at the continued absence of an effective Government, he produced the candidate whom, one suspects, he had had in mind from the beginning.

The successful practice of this technique led one authority to affirm that every Prime Minister of the Fourth Republic had been the personal choice of M. Auriol. This is going much too far. The successful candidate had to be able to get, first 311 and later 314 votes, as a minimum, from somewhere, and though the President tended more and more to play a big part in the search for those votes, he could not deliver them at will. Nor can anyone seriously believe that the steady move of Prime Ministers and their majorities from Left to Right between 1947 and 1953 was desired by a President who came from the ranks of the Socialist Party. But it remains true that the President's share in the choice grew in importance and became political enough in its nature to make him enemies during the last crisis. I have no doubt in my own mind, however, that the President's behaviour on these occasions was constitutionally impeccable. Whenever, for instance, he brought forward candidates belonging to his own former party, his action was strictly according to precedent. Everything suggests that his only purpose was to find the candidate most likely to get the majority needed, and to last longest when he got it.

That, then, is the first point on which the Constitution-makers miscalculated badly. They defeated their own intentions even more when they made the President of the Republic president also of several vitally important councils and committees. One of these is the Higher Council of the Judiciary, a body whose creation fulfils a project going back to pre-war days. The Constituent Assembly took away from the Minister of Justice, because he was a political figure, the duties of running the courts and of appointing, promoting, and dismissing judges, and handed them over to a non-political body, the Higher Council. This was the

latest of a series of steps taken during the last eighty years to ensure the independence of judges. But the Constituent Assembly went back on its own good intentions and risked bringing political bias in again through the back door, by making the Minister of Justice Vice-President of the Higher Council, and giving to parliament the right to appoint six of the Council's fourteen members—four others being appointed by different branches of the legal profession. But there are also the President himself and the two members whom he appoints, and together they have held the fort. According to one high authority, the President and his nominees have never failed to make common cause with the legal members, whenever the attitude of the political appointees appeared to threaten judicial independence. This may or may not be what the Constitution-makers intended, but it is certain that if M. Auriol's successors show the same courage, French judges will, in time, get that sense of security and independence that judges ought to have. And this may well count as the most important of M. Auriol's achievements.

The President also presides over the High Council of the French Union, a body with ill-defined functions which has met only three times, but which may become the policy-making organ of the Union. If that happens, the President will obviously enjoy a new and very real political power. Similarly, the presidencies of the Committee and of the Higher Council of National Defence already give the President access to a mass of secret and vital information which nobody else sees over so long a period. And if anybody wonders why the Constituent Assemblies ever imagined that a man so placed could be a minor figure, it should be said that they probably never expected any President to take this part of his work as seriously as President Auriol did.

The third, and perhaps an even greater, source of authority, is the fact that the President presides also over the Council of Ministers and that his secretariat keeps its minutes. In theory, this should be a neutral function, exercised in a body which does no more than ratify the decisions of the larger Cabinet Council, at which the Prime Minister presides. But when all Cabinets are divided against themselves, questions which should be settled in the larger body tend to be left over to the smaller one, and there, there may well be appeals to the President's authority. Equally, when governments fall in cascades, while public opinion becomes increasingly critical, the President may well feel it his duty to appeal for compromise and to suggest appropriate formulae, in order to prolong their lives. President Auriol has done all this in private, and public opinion, which has learned of it, appears to have been grateful. He has himself referred to his 'right to warn, to advise, and to conciliate'—a phrase clearly modelled on a more famous one of Bagehot's about the British monarchy, but new in its French context. The combination of all these varied duties was in itself enough to make the President's office one of real power, and in addition the mere fact that he stayed in office for seven years while ten different Prime Ministers came and went would have given him a range of knowledge and experience without parallel anywhere else in French political life.

### An Elder Statesman of Experience

The remaining reason for the growth of presidential authority was M. Auriol's own character and experience. When he took up his office, he was the youngest of France's elder statesmen. His experience of politics went back to the end of last century, of parliament to 1914, and of ministerial office to 1936. During the war, he had shown the quality both of his courage and of his judgment by being a resister from the first. In the Consultative Assembly in Algiers, he had shown over and over again that political experience and judgment count for more in politics than courage, eloquence, or inventiveness. Back in Paris, he had presided over both Constituent Assemblies and had played a big role in the drafting of the Constitution. In the presidential office, his ripening wisdom and evident impartiality increased the respect in which politicians held him, while the dignified simplicity of his *meridional* temperament endeared him to the public.

He has been criticised, especially by constitutional lawyers. So, of course, had his predecessors, and a President functioning under a new and often ambiguous Constitution is especially vulnerable. M. Auriol has treated the right of pardon and of commuting penal sentences as a kind of presidential prerogative in a non-political matter, to be exercised without counter-signature—but one of the vaguest articles of the Constitution can certainly be read as authorising him to do just that. Some of his speeches on public occasions have had a political flavour, but they have been made, in fact, with the approval of the Government of the day. And his intimates are all aware of other occasions on which



he disagreed strongly, and yet remained silent. On one occasion, he chose—or was chosen—to announce the making of a highly controversial decree, in order that, coming from an impartial office, the decree should be shown, to be non-controversial. But this quaint inversion of logic was, so far as I know, the Government's own idea. A letter sent to M. Plevin about rumours of financial scandals in Indo-China read strangely like a peremptory injunction from President to Prime Minister, but it was not originally intended for publication.

In any case, these are minor matters. The examples I have given show

that M. Auriol's period of office was distinguished by scrupulous constitutional rectitude—by a desire to play down the importance of his own office to the level on which he and his fellow Constitution-makers had intended to put it. That, indeed, was the crowning paradox of those seven years. A President ambitious for authority and prestige would have added one more to the existing political divisions and might have ended as Millerand did—with an enforced resignation. More than anything, it was the humbly correct resolve not to pursue greatness for its own sake that made Vincent Auriol a very great President.

—Third Programme

## American Relations with China

By MICHAEL CURTIS

**L**AST week in a speech which has not received much attention over here, the Chief British delegate to the United Nations, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, told an audience in Baltimore that in his opinion if Communist China had been a member of the United Nations the Korean war might have been avoided altogether. He said that if we could really get peace in Korea there was no doubt that the Chinese Communists would eventually have to be recognised. That was a bold statement for any Englishman to make in America—let alone the chief delegate to the United Nations. This question has been a thorn in the flesh of British and American diplomats ever since the war. It has caused as much trouble between our two countries as the war debts after the first world war, and almost as much as those tea chests which were thrown into Boston harbour nearly 200 years ago.

The British Government officially recognised the present rulers of China as soon as it realised that they were accepted, willingly or otherwise, by the overwhelming majority of the Chinese people. We recognised the Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, because it seemed that his only possible rival, the defeated and discredited Chiang Kai-shek, had no chance of getting back again. In other words we said that we recognised a fact when we saw one. We did not like communist governments much, but they exist and have to be negotiated with like any other kind of government. And there was another reason. People who knew China well, who had studied her history, felt that communism there would not necessarily turn out the same as Russian communism. China, they thought, was big enough to absorb communism and turn it into something different from the Moscow model. Some day, they said, Mao Tse-tung would break away from the Soviet bloc and become a sort of oriental Tito. But that day will never come so long as China feels that all the world is against her—except Russia: and so long as Chiang Kai-shek's American-equipped army in Formosa constitutes a direct threat to the authority of her government.

The Americans take a different view. They refuse to have anything to do with the Chinese Communists. They will not hear of admitting them into the United Nations, where Chiang Kai-shek remains the official voice of China. And they have been extremely critical of countries like ourselves who wish to carry on a limited amount of trade with China—even trade which does not involve sending her goods of military importance. It is hard to draw the line between goods which are of military importance and those which are not. The fact remains that a great many Americans feel that we are trading with the enemy, an enemy which has been responsible for the loss of thousands of British and American lives in Korea: and do not forget that American casualties were nearly twenty times as many. You can see how far apart we are on this question, how important it is that we should try to understand each other's point of view, and how necessary it is to work out a policy which we can both agree on.

I was arguing about all this with an American friend not long ago and, being one of those nice, tolerant, liberal-minded Americans who do not often get into the headlines, he listened patiently, and then he said 'Yes, as a matter of fact I think the British are right. We should recognise Red China and bring her into the United Nations as soon as Korea is settled'. He went on: 'But have you ever thought of it this way? Supposing, soon after you had given India her independence, Mr. Nehru had been assassinated and the communists had seized power, wouldn't that have caused an unholy rumpus in your parliament? Wouldn't Winston Churchill have jumped right in and called the Labour people every name he could think of? Can't you

imagine him accusing Mr. Attlee of handing over the brightest jewel of the Imperial Crown to Moscow—of all places? And in those circumstances would Mr. Attlee have had the courage officially to recognise a Communist Government of India when the whole tory party and most of the newspapers were howling for his blood?'

The parallel is not exact: America never ruled China as we ruled India, but do not forget how much closer America is to China than we are. Apart from a long tradition of diplomatic friendship, thousands of American missionaries in China used to maintain a constant and regular contact with the American public; and they are the real grass roots of public opinion in the United States. So when the Communists took over and the missionaries were thrown out, the Americans were deeply shocked. They felt they had been betrayed by an old friend. And, as always happens, it was Mr. Truman and the ruling Democratic Party who got the blame. Ever since then China had been a red hot domestic issue, and now that the Republicans are in charge it is not easy to see how American policy can be changed.

Yet that is exactly what some Republicans hope to do. During the last month or two there have been signs that the Administration is worried about the rigid attitude of American public opinion. But how do you alter public opinion? That is going to be much harder—and yet there are signs that the attempt is being made. American radio commentators in recent weeks have been suggesting, for the first time, I think, that United States policy in the Far East may have to be looked at afresh. Some of them have even said that it would not be a bad idea if trade with China were resumed—once peace had returned to Korea. No less a person than Mr. Arthur Dean, President Eisenhower's special ambassador in Korea, has been expressing the same sort of opinions. Then, last week, Sir Gladwyn Jebb made his bold prophecy that Communist China would have to be recognised sooner or later and admitted into the United Nations. Even though Sir Gladwyn is shortly leaving America to become our ambassador in Paris, it was a courageous thing for him to say in the present climate of American opinion. He is a tremendously popular figure in the United States. Tall, distinguished, intelligent, with that air of assurance and sophistication which is the trade mark of so many old Etonians, he is the type of Englishman who always goes down well in America. When he was televised from the United Nations and scored some brilliant debating points off Mr. Vyshinsky and Mr. Molotov, the American public thought he was perfectly cute. Yet here he is uttering what must seem to be the most outrageous heresies about Communist China!

Why did he do it? I am sure it was because he knew which way even the Republicans in the State Department were moving and because he wanted to help them. The reaction, if and when the campaign really gets moving, is certain to be sharp. That curious trio, MacArthur, McCarren, and McCarthy, will protest in no uncertain terms. One Republican Senator has already demanded that Congress should investigate 'whether there is at this time a thinly disguised effort to condition the American people for a radical change in United States policy towards China'. Maybe Senator Welker is right. I hope he is. But the conditioning process is bound to be hard and long, especially as this is the year of the so-called mid-term elections when one in every three senators, and all the House of Representatives, have to submit themselves for re-election. So if we hear some wild cries on the subject of China from across the Atlantic, it is as well for us to show patience and understanding. And at least it is encouraging to see that American thinking at the top is moving much closer towards our own.

—Home Service



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Berlin conference

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

## Facts about Television

UNESCO has performed a useful service by publishing a world survey of television.\* At present the United States of America dwarfs everything else in the picture. For although the report states that at the beginning of last year fifty-two countries were concerned with television, the United States at that time had 139 stations in operation and no other country had more than six. Moreover it is estimated that nearly one person out of every seven in the United States possessed a television set. The 139 stations included one non-commercial station, that of the University of Iowa. Early in 1952 the Federal Communications Commission, which is ultimately responsible for broadcasting arrangements in the United States, had imposed a 'freeze' on the construction of new television stations. When the 'freeze' was lifted the F.C.C., in its final television allocation report, assigned channels for the possible establishment of over 2,000 stations, of which about ten per cent., 242, were reserved for non-commercial educational stations. By January 1953, the Commission had received nineteen applications for the establishment of such stations and had granted ten construction permits. However, it is difficult for the vast majority of educational institutions to finance television stations. And the conditions laid down by the F.C.C. for the running of educational stations appear to be fairly stringent. On the other hand, the Commission has made it clear that the provision of educational stations 'does not relieve commercial licensees from their duty to carry programmes which fulfil the educational needs and serve the educational interests of the community in which they operate'.

In 1952 the programmes televised in the New York area are estimated to have included 1.2 per cent. of an educational character. As compared with 1949 the amount of time devoted to news doubled (it rose from 4.8 to 9 per cent.), Variety rose from 13.5 to 23.3 per cent., but sport strikingly fell from 30 per cent. to 3.8 per cent. At first television did not show a profit, but after five years considerable profits began to be made. The advertisers who bought most time were food producers, tobacco manufacturers, and the producers of what are charmingly described as 'toilettries'. The viewers' day begins at seven in the morning and ends between twelve and one at night. The programmes are 'geared' to the type of audience viewing at particular times of the day. The Unesco report quotes one or two opinions about the programmes. One big advertiser, for example, observed: 'We must quit underrating public attitudes, intelligence, and good taste, and realise that the people are screaming to high heaven about low-grade entertainment, too much trash and too many sponsors'.

As compared with the United States, Canada and France appear to be relatively austere. In Canada certain types of programmes cannot be sponsored and sponsors are barred from control rooms at dress rehearsal times. In France television is administered by Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française which is directly responsible to the Minister of Information. It aims at concentrating on plays specially suited to the medium, news events, and educational programmes for which the Ministry of Education is responsible. Anyone interested in the future of television would do well to get hold of this valuable survey.

\* Television: a World Survey. Stationery Office, 9s. 6d.

To celebrate THE LISTENER's twenty-fifth birthday a party was held last Thursday evening at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London. The guests—some 800 in all—were received by the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Sir Alexander Cadogan, and the Director-General, Sir Ian Jacob. An entertainment was provided by Mr. Colin Horsley, Miss Sonia Dresdel, Mr. Walter Midgley, and Mr. Naunton Wayne.

IN A COMMENT ON the forthcoming Berlin conference, *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that it would be different from previous Foreign Ministers' meetings, because this time the Western Powers, being stronger, could talk to the Soviets on an equal footing. The newspaper went on:

Such pronouncements as have come from Moscow plainly suggest that the Soviets will do their utmost to wreck both the North Atlantic Alliance and the E.D.C., and that in this effort they will use their version of a 'unified, neutralised, and disarmed' Germany as a bait for the unwary. The Western Powers are perfectly willing to give the Soviets all the assurances they could ask against aggression, but the west cannot permit the Soviets to drive a wedge into the solidarity they have achieved since the last meeting of the Big Four.

According to a Moscow home broadcast by Molchanov, the bourgeois—and particularly the American—press reflected:

the endeavours of certain ruling circles to render the conference fruitless and to use the occasion to step up propaganda about the alleged unyielding attitude of the Soviet Union and the impossibility of settling international problems by means of negotiation. With particular stubbornness American political commentators stress that there can be no question of abandoning the formation of the so-called E.D.C., and the revival of the German aggressive army. . . . The aggressive circles of the U.S.A. are planning, in effect, to deprive France completely of any possibility of playing an independent role in international affairs or of strengthening European security. Herein lies the very essence of the E.D.C. treaty, which American politicians are seeking to foist upon France. . . . The treaty is aimed at the domination of France by the Bonn revanchistes.

Another Moscow broadcast quoted *Pravda* as saying that the Western Powers were employing 'false phrases' in connection with their plan for German elections:

It is obvious that all-German elections must be the concern of the Germans themselves. Elections under the control of foreign powers cannot be described as free. . . . In the Bonn Government, authority is increasingly passing into the hands of militarists and revanchistes. . . . The Hitlerite Field-Marshal and war criminal Kesselring is preparing to become President of west Germany. . . . As a result of the 'free elections' in September, a number of Hitlerites and fascists, such as General Manteuffel, have found their way into the Bonn Parliament. No wonder, therefore, that Adenauer is suggesting that all-German elections be held on the pattern of the Bonn elections.

Another article in *Pravda*, quoted from Moscow, restated the case for an interim German government which would arrange for elections:

The stubborn unwillingness of the Western Powers to accept this indisputable proposition testifies to their unwillingness to settle the German problem in the interests both of the German people and of European security.

According to the east German radio, a decree on the formation of a Ministry of Culture was adopted by the Cabinet on January 7. According to a broadcast speech by the Prime Minister, Mr. Grotewohl, the Cabinet's action had been prompted by the need for demonstrating 'audibly and visibly' to the Berlin conference that German culture in its entirety is the 'inviolable possession of all Germans'. He stated that the proposal to form such a Ministry had first been submitted to all concerned 'for an extensive and searching discussion', and went on:

The opinion was expressed that the new course . . . meant the abandonment of all guiding rules . . . and principles of our cultural work, that everybody should act as he deemed fit and that the resulting confusion would constitute genuine cultural freedom. The Government does not agree with such ideas, for the obvious reason that we believe that a country's cultural policy is determined by the character of its state . . . and that our cultural life cannot be cut loose from its economic basis. Hence we do not agree with those cultural workers who consider long-out-dated principles of cultural policy to be correct. . . . The individual, self-contained cultural worker has long been replaced by the great collective of cultural workers who, . . . in their entirety, have acknowledged the correctness of the democratic principles of this state and realise that a state which bestows on the exponents of our culture as much care and devotion as does the German Democratic Republic, must rely on clear-cut scientific principles for its cultural policy.

The Communist Prime Minister added that it should not be left to the individual to decide his attitude towards culture, and the 'cultural care of the masses' was therefore a great task to which the new Ministry of Culture must devote special attention.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE THEATRE IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY

ALAN DENT, the dramatic critic, has just returned to London after four months of play-going in the United States. What struck him most about Broadway was that New York's theatres are compressed into a far smaller area than London's theatreland, in fact into Broadway itself, and that all the New York theatres flourish.

'This', he said in 'Radio Newsreel', 'is not to imply for one minute that you do not get bad plays on Broadway. You do, but they are not allowed to linger on. A play runs either for a year or more, or for a week or even less than a week. The piece must have immediate popular appeal or it is quietly and immediately put away. One important reason is that overhead charges are now so high as to make any risk in production practically out of the question. In a way, the business is all wrong, of course. It means that plays of high quality which can never be real money-makers—in other words, almost the whole of first-rate drama from Shakespeare through Ibsen and Chekhov down to the best modern Frenchmen—are shockingly neglected by commercial Broadway. This huge qualification apart, everything on Broadway is immensely lively and exciting.

'In New York, in short, there is almost too much theatre. Outside New York there is not nearly enough. I travelled by train all over the place, through no fewer than thirty of the forty-eight United States, and I even dipped into Canada twice. But almost everywhere it is the same story. Too few theatres and not nearly enough touring companies. For me, at least, it was, as somebody says in *Alice in Wonderland*, jam yesterday and jam tomorrow but never jam today. At Chicago and at Seattle, at San Francisco and at Dallas, in Texas, at New Orleans and at Charleston and at Baltimore I was told about exciting plays—try-outs for New York—that had been there last month or were on their way next month. But it was by something more than bad luck or bad management in planning my tour that such treats did not come my way. In an ideal or even in a proper state of things no theatre in a city as big as these are would, at any time, be closed or, as they say expressively in America, would at any time be "dark". All the light, too much of the light in fact, is concentrated on Broadway. But the dazzle of Broadway is irresistible'.

## CLOTHES GAY AND SOMBRE

DR. OTTO SAMSON, Curator of the Horniman Museum in London, spoke in 'The Eye-witness' about the exhibition of costumes and embroideries now on view there. 'There is', he said, 'an Evzone, or Greek soldier from the Royal Guards, in his white pleated skirt, rather like a kilt, with his white stockings and shoes with pompoms; and a boatman from the former Royal Court of Yugoslavia: his dark-coloured coat

is heavily embroidered with gold thread, and on his cap is the Royal Coat of Arms. And then there is the Zakopone Highlander from Poland, in his white felt hat, and white felt dress richly embroidered. He is as well protected from the cold winter as the Yugoslav shepherd with his leather *appliqué* felt jacket.

'We are fortunate enough to possess a bridal gown from Nazareth. It is pale blue, delicately embroidered with floral designs. These bridal dresses went from bride to bride in many Christian-Arab families in Palestine. The other garments from Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Ramallah are bolder and gayer in their embroidery, and show the cross as a symbol. Further east is the Tibetan nobleman who carries chopsticks in his silk belt. His dress is also silk, of Chinese fashion,

with many dragons and clouds woven into the design. His wife shows more sober indigenous apparel, plum colour predominates in her blouse. There is a richly decorated Chinese early nineteenth-century theatrical robe, representing a Taoist priest, which I brought back from Peking some twenty years ago. It contrasts well with the austere mantle of a Buddhist priest, bought in a temple in the same city.

'Dancing in Burma and Siam is leisurely and stylised. We have two delightful specimens of female dancers' costumes, richly decorated with sequins and pearls, silver and gold thread, on a background of green velvet. These dancers represent winged celestial spirits. In some countries

dressess were worn as protection from demons, rather than from the cold. There is a fine example of a North African linen shirt, about 100 years old, covered with written verses of the Koran, in red, green, black, and yellow. For added protection small leather bags, containing amulets, are sewn on the back.

'There is a sombre note, too, in this exhibition: the last dress, the shroud. Two examples are on view. One is printed on linen, showing the Crucifixion and the Stations of the Cross. This is the type of garment given to Russian pilgrims in Jerusalem by the Orthodox Church to take away for their burial. The other is both a shroud and a large ceremonial shawl, hand-woven in dark red, blue, brown, and white; with birds, animals, and trees bearing skulls, reminiscent of the long-gone days of head hunting, from the Sumba Islands of Indonesia. The bodies of the dead were wrapped in them'.

## CHEATING THE MOSQUITO

'Insects are such perfectly adjusted little machines', said EVELYN CHEESMAN, 'that it is great fun to catch them out occasionally, to watch what happens when those long series of actions which automatically succeed one another are interrupted. Either the machinery may go on working although the final objective is not achieved or else the



Dolls representing actors in a Chinese wedding scene exhibited at the Horniman Museum



A hand-woven coat from Bethlehem, of the type worn by Christian Arabs



whole method may be changed instinctively—and successfully. But usually only the higher types of insects succeed in changing their behaviour.

'I had an excellent illustration of cheating normal instincts during one of my expeditions in New Guinea. I happened to be collecting insects on the fringe of a vast mangrove swamp covering many square miles. There was a dense forest of swamp vegetation which has a distinct character of its own, huge ferns with long fronds and feathery palms mixed with mangroves and other trees. There were large thickets of pandanus, with their bunches of untidy leaves on long, bare branches so that the trees seem loaded with heads of tousled hair. It is all rather weird vegetation with peculiar colouring, reflected in slime or water too dense for you to guess how deep it is—unless you stumble and lose your footing, then you find out.

'I love that type of scenery but all pleasure was marred that day by mosquitoes. There were swarms of them lurking in all the foliage. Every tree sheltered hordes mad with hunger, so that if you gave them the chance they would literally cover every bit of you that was visible. And the bite of even one or two was maddening. They were large mosquitoes, of a deep blue-black. Really handsome—only I did not think so at the time.

'There were some unusual insects and plants which I was keen to collect but there was no temptation to dawdle. I was grabbing my treasures most of the time and then getting out of reach of mosquitoes as quickly as possible. For that species cannot endure strong daylight. They lurk in the shade by day. As long as I stood in sunlight I was safe from them. It was powerfully hot but that was preferable to being attacked. And I got a great pleasure out of watching the ravenous crowds dancing with rage in the margin of shadow, singing their little hymns of hate but unable to leave it, chained to the shadow by their senses.

'I spent much time passing from one clump of trees to the next, being careful to step on roots above the slime. Then when pestered with a cloud of mosquitoes I would deliberately stand in a patch of sunlight and watch them, as they dropped off me with appetites unappeased and fled back to the security of shade.

'I wanted very much to dive under the branches of one tree because on the underside were little dry fruits which should be full of beetles. I paused to get up courage to victimise myself when one mosquito gave me an idea. It settled on my box camera and began to walk about on it stabbing it all over diligently with its proboscis. I had noticed some time before two different species of mosquitoes being cheated by this same camera, which was covered with faded black leather that had turned brown.

'Mosquitoes as well as other insects get accustomed to a colour when seeking a meal. Those mosquitoes must have been used to Papuan fishermen who often launched canoes from that path. They were certainly unaccustomed to white skins. I doubt whether any white person had ever passed that way before. Mosquitoes will attack any warm-blooded animal or bird, and swamp mosquitoes will attack crocodiles. But they were accustomed to a brown skin and not a white one, and therefore attracted by that brown colour.

'I acted on that idea as an experiment to see whether I could entice these mosquitoes away from myself. I waved my camera slowly to and fro among the outer branches where mosquitoes congregated, then

when two or three followed it I put it on the ground in the shade and I had the immense satisfaction of seeing it literally covered with mosquitoes, walking about, hopefully exploring for a pore of the skin in which to thrust a delicate proboscis—and, of course, finding none'.

## STRENGTHENING WEAK BRIDGES

'There are about 100,000 British highway bridges dating from the twelfth century onwards', said CYRIL CHETTER of the Ministry of Transport in 'At Home and Abroad', 'and actually about 7,000 of these are listed as weak. They are under the care of many different authorities, but those on the trunk roads are the direct responsibility of the Minister of Transport, although maintained by agents on his behalf.

'At present, the maximum permissible weight of a lorry and load is about twenty-two tons; but we have a special problem in coping with heavy indivisible loads (which have to give notice to authorities along the route and indemnity against damage). This special drill is necessary for such loads up to 150 tons gross. Above 150 tons exceptional precautions are taken. As far as I know the heaviest load which has so far been moved is 245 tons (from Sheffield to Bootle). Because our railway loading gauge, which is dependent on the sizes of tunnels, etc., is much smaller than either the European or American, many heavy loads which abroad would go by rail cannot do so here. The cost of moving these loads is high, so that the routes must be as short as possible and at the same time avoid weak bridges.

'We have two problems: the first, how to design new bridges, and the second, how to work out the strength of old ones. Designing new bridges is comparatively easy and we have a standard loading to which all highway bridges must be designed

and which is really a sort of ideal, covering all kinds of possible traffic. But keeping an eye on the strength of old bridges is much more difficult for a number of reasons. Most old bridges have developed additional strength due to cohesion and consolidation, and this can be a big extra. On the other hand, they may have settled, twisted, or cracked slightly, and this has to be allowed for when we are assessing their strength. Although cast-iron bridges, like Ardrossan, the scene of a recent failure, break suddenly without much warning when severely overloaded, others will 'give' a good deal before they finally fail. Then, if bridges have been overloaded too often, they may get "tired" and break under less weight than they should.

'All this is difficult, but new methods are being worked out and the strengths of our weak bridges are being reassessed. This is one side of the picture: the other is day-to-day maintenance. Bridges need constant care, and anything going wrong has to be attended to at once. But we are making continual progress: there are new methods of treating steel-work before the bridge is built, of preventing corrosion and of improving paints; and much has been done in the last few years to reduce the costs of maintenance. The advice of the Royal Fine Art Commission is sought on important bridge schemes, and many old bridges are listed as Ancient Monuments, with all the care and safeguarding that that implies. Many of these old bridges are beautiful and we are careful about what we do to them. Sometimes if a new bridge has to be built, we are able to put it up and leave the old one alone; or sometimes we can widen the old bridge, and use the original material, if this can be done without spoiling its proportions'.



The new and the old bridges at Aitcham, Shropshire

A. F. Kersting



# The Tale of a Haggis

The first of six talks on 'Ten Weeks in Brazil' by JULIAN DUGUID

**T**HERE is a savage beauty in Rio, in the rocks that stand up from the bay and the mountains that shut it in behind. The Finger of God, and the Sugar Loaf, and the concrete figure of Christ on the top of Corcovado make a deeply impressive setting for the capital city of Brazil. The most rewarding way to enter it is by air, from the west, at sunset. To land at Santos Dumont, the most imaginative airport in the world, is a really moving experience.

One evening, we flew through cloud across the mountains that are part of the city. We could barely see our wing-tips until, suddenly, we were over the sea with the lights spread out beneath us. The sickle shapes of the bays of Copacabana and Gavea were white with breaking surf. Then the landing-field came up at us, a green tongue of earth not fifteen feet above the water: like the deck of a half-submerged aircraft-carrier anchored to the city itself. We taxied to the windows of the airport, through which we could see the skyscrapers not a hundred yards away. A minute or two later, we were walking down the streets of this most surprising capital.

It is important to understand the people who created Rio de Janeiro and are making the new Brazil. For it is a new Brazil. The wave of nationalist feeling which is sweeping across the world has released a flood of energy. At the moment, it is going into skyscrapers, those modern symbols of fertility, like concrete totem-poles. But, presently, Brazil must open out inside her own huge borders. She is larger than Australia or the States. Only Russia, China, and Canada are bigger. She has about the same population as we in the British Isles, with thirty-five times more territory. She could feed many hundreds of millions from her idle and empty acres. Unfortunately, like every other country I have visited in the past few years, she is intent on building factories at the expense of agriculture. Her slums are filling up; her countryside is draining. The cost of food is enormous.

Meanwhile, what of the people? They are a self-

sown league of nations. They started as Portuguese in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that is the language they still speak. They mixed with the native Indians, and then slaves from Africa were brought to work in the sugar-fields. The peoples of Europe joined them: Germans and Italians, in particular. There are also about half a million Japanese, though these keep mostly to themselves. The result is a blend of origins that is, in my experience, unique.



The Lagoa Rodrigo de Freitas, Rio de Janeiro: in the background is the Dois Irmãos ('Hill of the Two Brothers')



'The sickle shape of the bay of Copacabana . . . white with breaking surf'

Brazilians are honestly puzzled when they come into contact with people who have strong feelings about colour. A few years ago, their training-ship, *Almirante Saldanha*, paid a courtesy visit to South Africa. I would not put it past their Admiralty to have chosen this vessel on purpose. They have a naughty sense of humour: and there is a Saldanha Bay, some sixty miles north-west of Cape Town. This was named for Antonio de Saldanha, who was sent by Vasco da Gama on a voyage round the Cape in 1503: 149 years before the Dutch and van Riebeck landed. However that may be, their visit was a source of some embarrassment. When the ship berthed at Simonstown, the South African police came aboard. They looked at the crew in astonishment. They saw every shape of skull, and every shade of skin, and every type of hair from pure European to pure Negro. Moreover, they seemed to be mixing: there appeared to be no segregation. The trains in the Union of South Africa are very strictly controlled. There are carriages marked 'European', and others marked 'non-European'. So, as a trip into Cape Town had been planned, the captain was asked to decide which men should go in which. It was a question that baffled him entirely. He had never had cause to ask himself who was European and who was not. He turned to the waiting police.

'I do not understand', he said. 'My men are all Brazilians'.



Since there was nothing else they could do without international ill will, the police let them travel as whites.

In saying this, of course, I am not comparing the two countries. South Africans see themselves as a small body of Europeans surrounded and outnumbered by colour. Brazil has no problems of that kind.

It was intensely interesting in Rio, and later all over Brazil, to discover what happens to people who refuse to be hypnotised by race. After listening to colour-fanatics, one would expect an orgy of mating between white and black. In fact, this does not take place. Men and women can choose their friends, and select whom they wish to marry, without pressure of racial hatreds. There is no law against it. Yet one meets fewer whites and blacks walking together in Brazil than one meets in the west end of London. The reason is simple and human. It has to do with money. On the whole, those with African blood are less ambitious and less ingenious than are those with European ancestry. They have a specialised outlook on life which is natural in tropical countries. They work with tremendous energy till they have earned enough for their needs. Then they stop. Double the wages of these men and they do not work twice as hard: they go fishing for half the week. This is not meant in criticism. There is an arguable case to be made for taking money lightly: as something to help one enjoy as easy a life as possible. But it is not a woman's argument. She wants to move up in the world, to attach herself to a man who will give their children advantages. So, in a place like Brazil, where the general rule is 'the darker the man the poorer the job', she tends to marry lighter. There is no social injustice to rouse her maternal instincts.

It is not only in the vastness of their land, in their humane attitude to colour, that Brazilians repay attention. They are interesting people in themselves. They are not in the least like Englishmen and, strangely, they are not disturbed by it. They are very much masters in their house; and those who wish to do business with them must play the game their way. It is worth while trying to understand them.

There are two kinds of Brazilian: usually inside the same body. There is the warm and friendly man, demanding a personal response even in business deals. He is always ready to help you; and his quick sense of reality as to where you are able to help him is not in the least hypocritical. It is simply a strong belief that friendship should work in two directions. He is passionately opposed to red tape and will go to great lengths of ingenuity to edge his way round the law. As one Brazilian put it to me: 'Here, you can fix anything but death'. But that is only one side of him. There is another that believes in red tape. Perhaps he is frightened of his impulses, of his natural generosity. At any rate, he has closed himself about with a jungle of legal rope-weeds tied into beautiful knots. And at each of these knots stands someone with absolute power over your future. Obedience to all these regulations would stop all activity overnight. It is an intensely personal country. A man who has no friends to help him round bureaucratic corners had better pack up and leave Brazil.

Once one is aware of these things, it is a highly dramatic business to walk about Rio de Janeiro. It is also exceedingly dangerous. The cars seem almost animal in their desire to taste human flesh. Their bumper-bars shine like teeth as they chase the terrified pedestrians across one broad boulevard after another. For traffic is monstrous in Rio. Hemmed between the mountains and the sea, there is no room to expand. At the time of the evening rush-hour, the road to the southern suburbs is three miles of solid metal. The noise of the ambulance siren is very seldom absent from the streets. And here two Brazilian laws have made matters infinitely worse. No man can be kept in prison pending trial unless he has been arrested within twenty-four hours of his offence. This means in practice that no driver ever stops after an

accident. The second regulation is even less helpful to the injured. It is illegal for anyone to give aid until the city ambulance arrives. In theory there is something to be said for this. Enthusiastic amateur first-aiders can sometimes kill with their kindness. On the other hand, a passing doctor could often save a life by treating for shock or for bleeding. He never does so in Rio. If he did, he could be sued for large sums by the relatives should the patient collapse and die. As a consequence, the pavements of Rio are the scene of much human wreckage. When, presently, the victim expires, pious onlookers will often light candles round him as he lies there. But they dare not touch him themselves. The role of the Good Samaritan is much too expensive for Brazilians.

This half-efficiency, this mixture of real good will and crippling bureaucratic regulations, runs clean through the life of Brazil.

To a foreigner, Rio can be fascinating. It has huge, modern buildings of great and original beauty. They are almost entirely glass, and they stand on enormous pillars: like stylised versions of the Amazon river dwellings. The streets are wide and handsome. The Praia de Flamengo, for example, is a magnificent waterside drive along the fringe of the sparkling bay. Yet, just beyond the sea-wall, a few yards from the torrent of traffic, one drops back a couple of centuries. There, seated on granite blocks, some dozens of Negroes are fishing. They come at dawn, they leave at sunset; and they catch, perhaps, six fish. Then they saunter back to the *favelas*.

One evening, I followed one of them until we arrived at the *favela*. It was one of those modern slums, which are now sadly familiar to me as I go round the world. They are caused by the drift from the countryside in search of more interesting work. In Rio, they lie along the hills. The huts are standard for Brazil: mud and wattle with earthen floors, and roofed with local tiles. They are not in themselves less comfortable than those in a country village. What makes them unhappy is the dreadful crowding together, the complete lack of drainage, and the comparison with the wonderful buildings not a quarter of a mile away. My fisherman drank from a tap and then sloped uphill to his home. Cooking fires were burning in the darkness as I wandered away to my hotel.

I enjoyed my stay in Rio and the opportunity it gave me for meeting such a different people. Perhaps the difference can best be summed up in a little story I heard. The Scottish community in Rio was holding its annual banquet in honour of its patron saint. It had ordered some haggis from Edinburgh but they failed

to arrive at the docks until the very morning of St. Andrew's Day. Some of those who knew Brazil abandoned hope immediately. It was absolutely unknown for anything to clear the Customs in any time under a month. One Scot alone took action. He knew a man in the Customs, and he went to see him at once. The Brazilian was sympathetic. Yes, of course, the haggis would be freed. But then he asked a question that has sometimes puzzled Englishmen. 'What', he asked, 'is a haggis?'

He listened with professional gravity. 'I see', said he after a moment. 'Now tell me what you use it for'.

'We eat it', said the Scot a little coldly.

The Brazilian burst out laughing. 'Oh, no!' he said. 'Be serious! You must not strain friendship too far. Import regulations are no joke. Your haggis must be listed correctly. Go away for half an hour while I consider what section it belongs to'.

Presently, the Scot returned. The Brazilian oozed triumph and good fellowship. 'Now', he said 'your haggis is free. I have found what it really is'. His finger was resting on a paragraph in the official book of imports. Right against his thumb-nail were the words: 'Section of Artificial Fertilisers'.

You cannot help liking these Brazilians.—Home Service



'Huge modern buildings of great and original beauty': the Ministry of Education and Culture, Rio de Janeiro



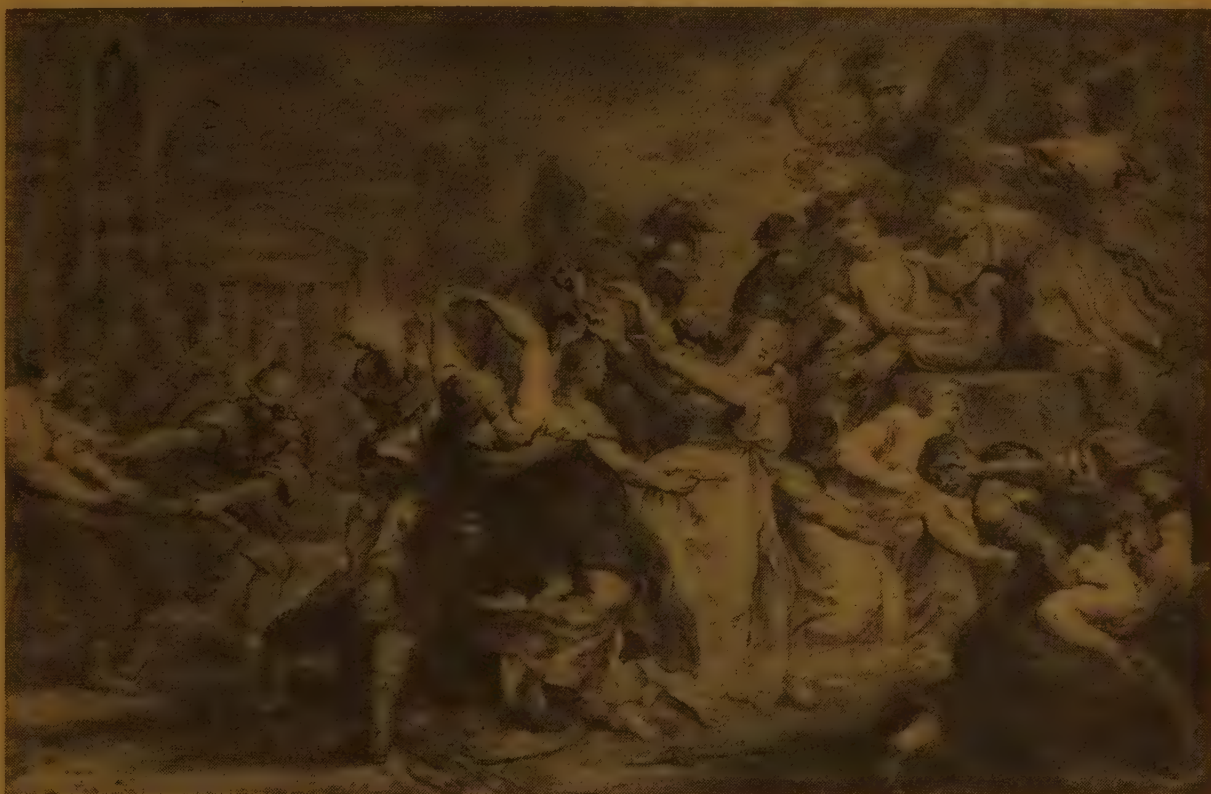
# Rubens and the Influence of Italy

MICHAEL JAFFÉ gives the second of three talks on Flemish art

**R**UBENS', writes Mr. Berenson, 'is an Italian'; and this he seems to intend in every sense but the literal one of legal citizenship in an Italian state. For he goes on to invoke the strong spells of Italian wine and Italian sunshine, the natural beauties of Italy which Rubens enjoyed as a young man, as well as the more formal education of his painter's eye on the masterpieces of Italian art. Mr. Berenson is surely right that Rubens drew all these elements into his being. One might add that of the six languages which Rubens came to speak and write with ease, Italian remained his favourite for correspondence. Not only did he express himself in that tongue with a characteristic clarity and force, but he had so just a feeling for the range and style of it that present-day Italians can be astonished by the apparent impropriety of his not having been born in Tuscany.

There is also further evidence, more substantial but no less eloquent, of his physical and spiritual need to recreate in a northern climate something of the way of life that had been his delight and inspiration beyond the Alps: the decoration of his house in Antwerp, for example, and the triumphal arch which he designed for the entry to his garden; the book of illustrations which he published of Genoese palaces and churches, to spread the news of an elegant Mediterranean civilisation to cities less enlightened; and, of direct moment to his own art of painting, the princely collection of classical sculpture and cameos with which he filled his model Pantheon.

He had left Antwerp for Italy in the spring of 1600, shortly before his twenty-third birthday. He was seized, as his nephew Philip records, 'by a desire to see that land, to study at close quarters the most celebrated works of the ancient and modern artists, and to improve himself by their example in painting'. He was to spend there more



'The Rape of the Sabine Women', by Rubens: from the exhibition of Flemish Art 1300-1700 at Burlington House, London



'Pan Resting', a drawing in red chalk by Rubens, after the sculpture by Montorsoli

than eight years, in quest of this knowledge and in the practice of his art. Within two months of his arrival he had the fortune to be given employment as a painter to the Duke of Mantua. He was able to live and work not only in Mantua itself but in Genoa and in Rome. In the Gonzagan service he made extensive sight-seeing trips through Lombardy, Emilia, and the Veneto. He went with the Gonzagan court to Florence; and he travelled as their special envoy to Spain. He had been early to Venice, and was able to return often, to see there the decorations of Tintoretto and Titian and Veronese in their undiminished splendour. He knew by heart the works of Correggio in the Gonzaga collection, and in Parma, Reggio, and Modena. In Rome he had time to make a personal renaissance of the antique world. He saw with a completeness that can never be matched again the scope of Renaissance achievement. And wherever he went he neglected nothing with which he might enrich his painter's vocabulary by some essential syllable. He had finer opportunities for looking than any other artist in his formative years.

The more this wonderful experience of Italy is thought of however, the more care, I believe, is needed to set some reservations on the single idea of Rubens as an Italian. For he was born, of course, in Westphalia; and he spent the first ten years of his life away from Flanders in Cologne. There, no doubt, he learnt something of Italy and of classical scholarship from his father, but he also found enjoyment in copying the



quite un-Italian designs of Jost Amman and Tobias Stummer, as he admitted later to Sandrart. Not only do some recollections appear in Rubens' work after his return from Italy of their spirited little compositions and striking figures; but one may see in his early interest in small German masters the foundations of a lifetime habit of noticing what such men might contribute to his range of expression. It was Rubens, like later northern visitors to Rome, who showed himself capable of learning from the most considerable of these men, Adam Elsheimer of Frankfort, ideas both in figure composition and in landscape which were overlooked by their Italian contemporaries.

Moreover, if Mr. Berenson's aphorism were to be freely accepted, an uncomfortable analogy might offer itself. The childhood exile of Rubens, when he was cut off from his natural inheritance in Antwerp, might suggest the three decades after his return from Italy as a longer and more deeply felt exile from the artistic inheritance which he had won for himself in the Italian cities. But to view the maturity and fulfilment of his working life in such a way would be to ignore much that we know of his nature. If he regarded himself as a spiritual exile in any sense, he did so only as his fellow pupils of Justus Lipsius regarded themselves as exiles from the first heroic age of men and arts in antiquity. As these other Antwerp humanists spoke and wrote for their times in the vein of Seneca and Cicero, so Rubens felt it accorded with his business to be eloquent in paint. You may see this as his noble protest against the enfeebling mannerisms of the majority of artists who had practised since the second heroic age of the High Renaissance. But such sentiment can hardly be called Italian. Rather it gave a stoic twist to the characteristic feeling of the educated northerner for Italy, not only as the repository of past glories but as the eternal home of all the arts of civilisation.

If the studies of Rubens were directed to the learning of a pictorial language, the magniloquence with which he came to express himself was very far from being a growth rooted only in his attachment to the stoic philosophy. He loved the knowledge of his eyes, as a poet loves words. The proof of this love lies in the copies and sketches that he made throughout his career, not only in Italy nor confined to Italian art; and in this connection one may think of his portrait copies after painters as different as Holbein and Titian, or as Dürer and Veronese. It is true that for some months after he was called in haste across the Alps to attend his dying mother in Antwerp he did consider returning to Italy to pursue the favour he had gained with patrons in Rome and Genoa; and for many years to come he kept the hope that he might one day return there for a visit. But circumstances being against him, he did not repine. His hold on life was too strong to be deranged by idle illusions of living out the part of an Italian artist in northern lands. I would like to consider a few of the drawings and paintings in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy and try to suggest the force and the limitations of the idea of Rubens as an Italian.

When Rubens was in Rome, Montorsoli's statue of 'Pan Resting' stood in Palazzo Barberini. Rubens copied this figure and there is in the exhibition an offset of his early drawing in red chalk, which he worked up during the last decade of his life. He gave to it then, by washes and body colour, a richer relief and a more insistent rhythm to the line. We can see in it today not only his love of visual knowledge for its own sake, but the way in which an impression, once absorbed, could be reconsidered in his maturer vision and given a fresh meaning. As important as his readiness to learn from Italian Renais-

sance sculpture is his taking the opportunity, even across a gap of thirty years, to learn from himself.

The earliest of Rubens' works lent to the exhibition is another chalk drawing. The upper part of a nude youth is seen from the back, his arms outstretched and the muscles of his shoulders bunched to raise a heavy weight. In fact it is the weight of Christ crucified, for this is a study for a painting, the 'Elevation of the Cross', a part of his earliest public commission in Rome. In itself this is a beautiful drawing from the life. It shows also the immediate effect upon Rubens of contact with modern artists then in Rome, Annibale Carracci and his school, who had come from Bologna to decorate the gallery in Palazzo Farnese. The method of the Carracci appealed to Rubens at once: to study each important pose from life, and then to harmonise their observations into a coherent design of figures. It became his own funda-

mental principle of work. His drawing shows not only how he approached his idea for the figure through a living model as they would have done; but he draws—certainly with a more emphatic modelling—in their manner and on their scale. Another drawing, that is hung on the same wall, studies a similar pose which he required for his second 'Elevation of the Cross' ten years later in Antwerp. This clearly shows his development of the Carracci method: that, in revising his ideas for the composition, he could be satisfied only by studying the figure afresh from life.

Turning to the paintings in the exhibition, the influence of Italian masters whom Rubens found most of value to him may easily be recognised. Consider the standing portrait of Brigida Spinola Doria. The sharp silhouette of her head and ruff, the lighting, and the violence of form in the brush strokes on her dress, stand out as reminiscences of Tintoretto, although the manner of presenting her person is wholly of Rubens' invention. The portrait of Pierre Pecquius recalls in the senatorial dignity of the man portraits by Raphael; in the illumination of his head, Titian; and, in the hands, the sculpture of Michelangelo. In the 'Death of Hippolytus' Rubens' figure of his fallen hero is evidently inspired by Michelangelo's drawing of Tityos, and the whirlwind of crazed horses and furious monster is a tribute to the 'Battle of the Standard', copied from Leonardo's cartoon.

The value of this kind of looking, however, depends entirely on the much more important recognition of the power with which Rubens assimilated diverse sources of inspiration, and combined them boldly as essential elements of his own vision. Think of the attempts of Tintoretto, or even of Titian, to join the sculptural strength of Michelangelo to their own mastery in painting. Think of the aesthetic talk loose in seventeenth-century Rome about combining the colour of Titian and the grace of Correggio with the characteristic virtues of Raphael and Michelangelo. Then you may have a measure of Rubens' actual achievement in bringing off the long-sought marriage between Venice and Rome, a marriage which any Italian-born painter bred in the close traditions of either school was scarcely free to accomplish.

Unfortunately there is no full-scale work of Rubens, such as his great altarpieces for Mantua, to illustrate at the Royal Academy this conflation of ideals in colour, lighting, and design. But there is a superb pair of sketches of the 'Rape of the Sabine Women' and the 'Reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines' which are small works, in inches only. In these you can see, in a golden haze of light, a new nobility in the disposition of figures, and a delight in coloured silks, bright metal, and extravagance; qualities which both summarise and transcend the endeavours in painting of Venice and of Rome.



'Girl in a Fur Wrap', by Rubens



The relations of Rubens with the art of Titian, his longest sought and most abiding love in painting, are clearly shown. There is one of his mature copies, the 'Girl in a Fur Wrap', done in London in 1629 after his second chance to study the array of the late masterpieces of Titian in Madrid. Rubens shows in this much more than the grasp of outward appearances which characterised his first youthful copies of Titian portraits. By patient study he has won an understanding of the inner meaning which gives to them coherence as a work of art. He has learnt from a great master as only a master secure in his own right can; and received the pictorial language of another into his own without sacrifice of his will to pronounce forms as though they were first of his own making. From this late schooling of his eye could proceed his fully independent masterpiece on the theme, the full-length portrait of his young wife standing in her fur wrap. That picture, like the 'Mars, Venus, and Cupid' of the present exhibition, is a late triumph of Rubens. If it is truly a fulfilment of the art of Titian, it is so because it comprehends and enlarges our ideas of that art.

This comprehensive power sets Rubens apart from his Italian contemporaries and forerunners. We can see it most convincingly in the exhibition in his feeling for the greatest Flemish painter of the previous century, Pieter Breughel. Twelve works by Breughel are listed in the inventory of Rubens' collection. Of those the 'Dormition of the Virgin' and the 'Landscape with the Flight into Egypt' are to be seen at the Royal Academy. Forget, for a moment, the obvious dissimilarities between Breughel and Rubens, and consider the clump of peasants on the wooded bank in Rubens' 'Landscape with St. George' or the horses and carters in the 'Rainbow Landscape'. Then place Rubens' 'Summer Landscape' beside Breughel's 'January', or his 'Landscape

with Philemon and Baucis' with the 'Ascent to Calvary'. You will see groups of figures, physically small in their surroundings, but real protagonists, whether they live out high stories, or the common avocations of daily life, or the one seen through the other; and these are placed in the immensity of panoramic landscape. Such men and women do not exist in Breughel or in Rubens merely to populate the countryside; nor do these countrysides exist merely to decorate the figure compositions with a view; but so many aspects of the visible world are comprehended at a showing that both men seem to offer in emblem a whole natural creation.

Rubens' final achievement is akin to Breughel's in this: that his power lies in his sense of the common rhythm in all created things. In Rubens this is manifested both in the underlying structure of landscape—think of the 'Landscape with the Chateau de Steen' in the National Gallery—and in the flesh and sinew of human forms as they relate in movement—think again of the 'Mars, Venus, and Cupid' on loan to the Royal Academy. If we accept him as an Italian without qualification, we distort such understanding as we have of his feeling for the world, however much his experience of Italy contributed to it and increased his enjoyment of it.

Certainly he loved Italy. He knew her cities and her countryside as few men from the north have ever done. As painter to the Gonzagas he had wonderful opportunities; and he put them to wonderful use. The story of his life in Italy is, of course, not only essential to his own biography but the most consequential chapter in the longer story of the relations between Flemish and Italian art. Yet he never lost the sense of his fellowship with northern masters. Nor did he fail to see Italy as a part only, if by far the richest part, of the total inheritance available to him. He was, as he styled himself, a citizen of no one country.

—Third Programme

## The Author of 'The Golden Bough'—II

By the Rev. VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

IT has been remarked that if Sir James George Frazer were to present himself today at the Sorbonne for a diploma in the history of religions, he would almost certainly be ploughed. A like fate would probably meet him in any university, nowadays, where *Religionswissenschaft* is taken seriously. For one thing, thorough mastery of the language in which a religion is expressed is now considered the first qualification for studying any religion whatsoever. Frazer, who knew very few of the languages from which the material for *The Golden Bough* had originally been gathered, could hardly compete even with beginners in the field. So specialised and complex has the subject become, so exacting the requirements in the way of equipment, that his endeavour to collect and correlate the religious and magical phenomena of all the world and of all time must seem to the plodding specialist of our day somewhat ingenuous.

This is only one indication of the profound change which has taken place in the study of religions during the past fifty years. Gone—at least among serious scholars—are the fine ambitions to establish empirically the origin of all religious phenomena; to trace, step by step, the genealogy of religious forms; to reduce them all to one common denominator.

Sometimes the contemporary student of religions strikes a pathetic note when he surveys these changes in his professional domain. We may quote as typical the lament of one of the most distinguished among them, Professor Mircea Eliade, who writes:

Most of us are well acquainted with only one poor little sector of the immense realm of the history of religions. Even this modest sector is usually treated by methods very remote from religion itself; we become absorbed in deciphering, editing and translating texts, attempting to construct chronologies, to trace influences, to compile historical monographs or lists of monuments. . . . And this excessive scientific rectitude has resulted in alienating the cultivated public. . . . Having heard repeated that Sir James Frazer, in some 20,000 pages, had discovered how all the thoughts, imaginings and yearnings of archaic man, all his myths and rites, all his gods and religious experiences, are only a monstrous mass of beastliness, cruelty and superstition, happily abolished by scientific human progress—having heard the same old story over

and over again, the public has become convinced that it has lost interest in the objective study of religious history.

We may sympathise with this envy on the part of the toiling maker of bricks for the comprehensive architect. Yet it is surely premature to liken Frazer to one of his own dying gods, whose power has waned, and whose too prolonged reign has wrought sterility and devastation in the land. It is easy to dismiss Frazer as a collector only, as a builder with stones quarried—not always too carefully—by others, as a virtuoso of scissors and paste. Yet even if we esteem his work no more highly than this, it is still by no means obsolete, even for the professional. In the index of authors in Professor Eliade's own monumental *Treatise on the History of Religions*, we find that Frazer is quoted three times more often than any other author, ten or twenty times more often than most. When the worst has been said of the tendentiousness of his collecting and selecting of material, his collection remains unrivalled and indispensable.

And we, the public, are perhaps by no means so weary of him as the modern technician in his seclusion supposes that we are—or suggests that we ought to be. The abridged edition, at least, of those 20,000 pages, which have already gone into many editions, may not yet be allowed to go out of print; nor will public librarians yet remove them from their shelves. And if we will brave the warnings of the pundits who assure us they are outmoded, we can still find fascination in *The Golden Bough*, still sense something of the power of its original impact, of which Dr. Gilbert Murray has recently told us.

Yet I think we neo-Elizabethans can no longer read *The Golden Bough* so trustingly as did the late Victorians and Edwardians. Its very merit as literature, its very artistry, may arouse in us suspicion of its reliability as science. This is not just a matter of 'style': the pages of rich, emotive oratory, so foreign to our notions of the sterilised conditions of the authentic research laboratory. Nor are we forgetful of the sharp distinction which Frazer himself drew between his facts and his hypotheses: his frank recognition that 'hypotheses are necessary but often temporary bridges built to connect isolated facts'; his acknowledgment that his 'light bridges' might 'sooner or later break



down or be superseded by more solid structures'. Yet it is not so easy for us to disentangle the facts from the hypotheses, the solid islands from the precarious bridges, the factual observation of material from the artifice of the form. The cinema, to say nothing of journalism, has accustomed us to the extent to which material, even of precisely photographic accuracy, is inevitably transmuted by the very fact of editing or *montage*: we know how the very fact of collecting, selecting, joining, separating, lighting, shadowing, and cutting strips of unquestionably authentic facts, can tell a story or evoke a response quite alien from those facts themselves.

### Frazer's Self-defence

Frazer himself was not unaware of what he was doing. Replying to critics in his preface to the second edition of *The Golden Bough*, he protests: 'No one can be more sensible than I am of the immense variety and complexity of the forces which have gone to the building of religion; no one can recognise more frankly the futility and inherent absurdity of any attempt to explain the whole vast organism as the product of any one single factor'. At the end of that same preface is his amusing self-defence to the critic who had impugned his accuracy in asserting that church bells of Rome could be heard from the Lake of Nemi. He appeals to—of all people—Sir Walter Scott. Scott in *Old Mortality* had told how a hunted Covenanter had heard the kettledrums of pursuing cavalry borne to him on the night wind—although he knew that kettledrums were not beaten by cavalry at night. Frazer was not so addicted to naked fact as to be above the devices even of the novelist, and he was so shockingly unscientific as to conclude: 'In the same spirit I make bold to say that by the Lake of Nemi I love to hear, if it be only in imagination, the distant chiming of the bells of Rome, and I would fain believe that their airy music may ring in the ears of my readers after it has ceased to vibrate in my own'.

Yes: we, the general reader, can still respond to the vibrations in Frazer's creative imagination, even though we know that his is a creation, not from nothingness, but from authentic observations. And we may today have perspectives on his work denied to its first readers: perspectives which may enable us to understand better the character both of his stimulus and our response.

We turn to the chapter-headings, the table of contents: 'The King of the Wood', 'The Perils of the Soul', 'The Scapegoat', 'The Dying God', 'Taboo', and the rest. And it may occur to us that these might as probably, perhaps more probably, be the chapter headings of a case-history in analytical psychology, the stages of a process of psychological integration as observed by a follower of Jung. Have we not here a clue to what it is that, whether he knew it or not, Frazer was about; a clue to his enduring appeal, to his influence on his contemporaries and even on ourselves—even, perhaps, to the unconscious incentive to his own indefatigable labours? For we can no longer believe that these chapter-headings tell merely of the bizarre ideas of remote savages and unlettered peasants: they are the perennial, indestructible, universal, archetypal figures and situations of mankind, the very stuff of our own dreams. It suddenly occurs to us that in spite of—perhaps because of—his claim to address only our scientific, intellectual curiosity, Frazer reaches deeper, less conscious, levels of our being, evoking and activating those primordial images and patterns which, later psychologists tell us, are the womb of our modern consciousness and the shapers of our instinctive conduct and of our destiny.

But Frazer does more than activate the archetypes: in giving them shape and order by his collecting, selecting, and arranging, he makes them digestible, even in some measure intelligible. This he does in the first place by unifying his vast quantity and variety of material under one single, simple idea: the Victorian's simple faith in human progress, in his own racial, moral, and cultural superiority over lesser breeds, in his own status as 'the fittest to survive' in man's evolutionary struggle. The 'battery of comparative method', as he calls his work, will 'breach venerable walls, mantled over with the ivy and mosses and wild flowers of a thousand tender and sacred associations'. Notwithstanding his own thinly veiled nostalgia—if not positive fascination—for the religions of mankind, he is in no doubt that we must 'drag the guns into position'. The principal standard of comparison in this 'comparative method' turns out to be the technical and moral achievements of the Victorian upper-class white man; the comparison itself no more subtle or relevant than that of the Soviet agitator's comparison of the merits of fertilisers and tractors, as against ikons, as instruments of successful agriculture. We may marvel today at the confidence and arrogance of such a standpoint, and find it more remote than many of the savage superstitions

which Frazer relates. But it is intelligible as well as flattering, and it is not the first time that ancient gods and ancient myths have been invoked to act the stooge for newer gods and later myths.

But I think that Frazer does more than merely dish up this archetypal material in a form which his contemporaries found thoroughly palatable; and that there is another reason why he can still appeal, even to those of us who find that his hypothetical bridges have collapsed. When we turn from chapter-headings and prefaces to the actual text, the thousands of pages of 'facts', what is it that we find him doing? What is it that binds together this countless multitude of anecdotes and observations? What is it that holds our attention; what is it that held his own? What saves it all from being a tedious, formless phantasmagoria of *faits divers*? What is it, if not simply the real or alleged *resemblance* between one item and the next? As succeeding pages lead us from classical Nemi through nineteenth-century Melanesia to ancient Babylon, on through eighteenth-century Scotland to pre-Columbian Peru via Athens and Benares and New Mexico and New Zealand, we feel that something is being weaved which is regardless of space and time; regardless, too, of any verified or verifiable causal connection: resemblance alone remains to preserve it all from chaos, and ourselves from exquisite tedium.

But where is it that we have read of the 'crude philosophy' that 'like produces like'; of the 'savage' who blurs likenesses into identities, and 'infers that he can produce any desired effect merely by imitating it'? Sure enough, it was there in the first chapter of *The Golden Bough* itself: it was Frazer's own description of mimetic magic. Can it be that it is a magic spell that he himself is now weaving around us? Can Frazer himself have fallen a victim to his own enemy of primitive superstition, seeing, in mere likenesses, identities and causal connections, at least of aim and purpose? Could he have been bewitched by the very magic castle against which he had drawn up his guns? Certain it is, as depth-psychology has shown, that the unconscious still operates in terms of magic; dreams still speak in the language of symbolic likeness, of mimetic or sympathetic correspondences, and with a notorious disregard for time, space, and causal sequence.

But I come to praise Frazer, not to bury him. To suggest that he was himself one of the great myth-makers and even something of a mighty magician, may seem a back-handed way of doing so. But I am suggesting that his work has a significance and a value wider and deeper than that which he recognised or sought. And he himself bids us spare no 'ancient moulds, however beautiful, when these are proved to be outworn', for (he continues) 'whatever comes of it, wherever it leads us, we must follow truth alone'. However heartily he subscribed to the complacent creed of his own place and time, he was himself a humble and humorous man, acutely aware of his own limitations. It is related how, at a meeting of anthropologists, he was praised to the skies for his pioneer field-work. He replied that he had not once in his life talked to a black man, and would probably run away with fright were he to meet one. Had he checked his own favourite theories and hypotheses, even with those he called 'our ignorant peasantry' he would surely have found how little they share the 'crude philosophy' he attributed to them; and that whatever it is they think they are doing in their rituals and regicide and dances and prayers and story-telling, they are quite well aware that it is no substitute for strict causality, for the daily toil of ploughing, sowing, reaping, hunting, and cooking.

### Modern Suspicion of the Comparative Method

Since Frazer's day, increasing specialisation and a more exact examination of the specimens he described, and of many he did not know, each against its own particular cultural, physical, and historical background, have revealed profound differences where he stressed only the similarities. There has also been a franker examination of the comparative method itself; a keener recognition that to compare religious phenomena in terms of value means to invoke a standard of comparison—philosophical, ethical, theological, or anti-theological—which is extraneous to a strictly scientific, purely empirical method. Today the student of religions will seldom venture value-judgments on unverifiable theories of causal interconnection or identity of function where these cannot be proved. In this sense, the study of religions has achieved a greater objectivity.

But the contemporary student of religions is more ready to recognise how difficult it is to detach himself from his own historical situation, his own beliefs and disbeliefs; and the extent to which his own efforts are pure description of facts is liable to distortion in the very effort to translate them into contemporary terms.



So, simultaneously with this more meticulous, empirical objectivity there has grown up the so-called phenomenological technique in the study of religions, of which the late Professor van der Leeuw was a principal exponent. It has borrowed a complex methodological apparatus from Dilthey, Scheler, Heidegger, and Jaspers; but in plain speech it is enough to say that this has meant a greater recognition of the subjective involvement of the original worshipper as well as of the student himself, and a greater readiness to accept religious phenomena at their own face-value rather than as mistaken substitutes for something else.

The very legitimacy of 'objectivity' in this kind of study, involving, as it must, the removal of religious phenomena from the temple to the museum, is now called in question. For to treat the phenomena as specimens for analysis and comparison is to remove them from their religious context, to strip them in advance of their very religious character. No longer can irreligion be considered as the prerequisite for the study of religions. The question now is less whether the believer can be sufficiently unprejudiced for such study, than whether the unbeliever can be sufficiently experienced and committed to understand religious phenomena as religious at all.

There is now more willingness to see the *sacrum* as a phenomenon in its own right, whose function may be human culture, or even (as it commonly claims to be) the *cultus* of God, but is certainly not that of an adjunct of agriculture. Thus viewed, myth and ritual (whatever their ulterior motive) are seen to be commonly the very reverse of mere means for food-production, factors in historical and economic processes. Rather

is their inherent function seen to lie in a retirement from the daily round and the common task, from the world of space and time and predetermined causality: a retirement into another dimension, another space and time, another mood, spiritually and psychologically another world. To the religious man that was always obvious, but it was strangely overlooked by most of the earlier students of the subject. In the rites of spring, where Frazer saw a foolish mistake in the evolution of food-production, Eliade sees, on the contrary, an effort to withdraw from the weary wheel of time-and-space-conditioned toil and repetition, to seek renewal in a transcendent and archetypal world of human origins and human innocence: a world (or state of consciousness) in which commonplace space and time and their causal sequence, their pain and their sin, no longer prevail. Only in the Hebrew-Christian tradition, with its 'faith in the absurd', culminating in a historical Incarnation, does Eliade see a reverse process: what he calls the 'fall into history', and a progressive obliteration of the separation of the sacred from the everyday.

The pendulum has swung far since Frazer, perhaps (at least on the Continent) too far; and a revival of Frazer might redress the balance. The power and appeal of marxist, and other totalitarian, messianic myths, with their promises of a good time coming for a chosen class or race, remind us that not all religious or quasi-religious fervour is satisfied by labour for the meat which perisheth not. The 'sacred' cannot be interpreted wholly in terms of man's economic concerns, but neither can it be altogether isolated from them; and perhaps it is time to rebuild some, at least, of Frazer's hypothetical bridges.—*Third Programme*

## Creating 'Good' Jobs: a Problem of Industry

By TOM BRENNAN

**A**LTHOUGH South Wales still has some unemployment the latest report of government action in Wales tells us that since the war nearly 140,000 new jobs have been created in the region. But though a sufficient number of jobs all round is the first necessity, it is only part of the solution of the formerly depressed areas. I want to suggest that the quality of that employment is one feature which should be examined carefully.

The industry of an area may be said to provide employment of the right quality if it provides a fair proportion of skilled jobs and reasonable opportunities for promotion—not only promotion within a particular firm or industry but also from one industry to another. The terms 'skilled' and 'unskilled' as applied to any particular class of work are vague and vary in meaning from one situation to another, but even on the roughest definition it is obvious that some industries, such as carpet weaving or machine-tool making, for example, employ many more skilled workers than, say, repetition metal pressing which can be carried on almost anywhere under the supervision of one or two skilled fitters.

Thus an area which has a general shortage of jobs and, in particular, has a shortage of skilled jobs will find it more difficult to solve the second problem than the first. The relief of local unemployment is usually tackled by attracting firms from other areas, and one of the factors likely to make an industrialist willing to move his factory is whether he can operate in the new area with the labour available there and without the necessity for moving a large number of his own skilled workers. This often means from the point of view of the potential reception area without skilled labour that the industries which are easiest to obtain are those least worth having on grounds of quality of employment. This is to some extent what has happened in South Wales and in other development areas. The firms which might ultimately have raised the level of skill of the local labour force could not move unless they could bring their own key workers with them. It is, of course, no easy matter for a firm in London or the Midlands to persuade its best workers to move to South Wales when there are plenty of jobs in their own area. Nor is it easy for a local authority in South Wales to offer houses to newcomers when its own people are short of houses. Nevertheless, if an increase in the level of skill of the local labour force is a worth-while aim, those in control of local policy might consider that in offering houses or other inducements to key workers they would be making an investment on behalf of their own population.

So much for skilled jobs in industry. But there are obviously other avenues of promotion and advancement in industry apart from those represented by skilled manual work, and fortunately some of them are capable of fairly accurate measurement. Before the national insurance scheme came into operation in 1948 certain classes of workers were exempt from unemployment insurance on the general grounds that they were too well off to need it. This group consisted mainly of employers and self-employed, non-manual workers earning over £420 a year, civil servants, established employees of British Railways; or, in other words, people who had fairly good jobs. These people received insurance cards for the first time in 1948, and, for men under sixty-five, the number of such cards issued for any industry or in any area can be used as a fair index of the number of 'good' jobs provided by that industry or area.

Comparing now one area with another, the average proportion of 'good' jobs to other jobs for Great Britain is (for men) about one in four; for Wales it is about one in five, and for western South Wales (that is, the area around Port Talbot, Neath, Swansea, Llanelli, and the anthracite coal field) it is slightly less than one in seven.

The Swansea area in particular is deficient in opportunities for good jobs. This means not only that some men hold less congenial and well-paid positions than they might otherwise, but that the basis on which new products and processes and new businesses might arise is to a large extent missing. Further, this position is only likely to be corrected by local action because it is after all a local problem. An industrial structure which can stand on its own is marked by the presence of small firms and by the self-contained nature of the larger firms as well as diversity of industry.

A local authority might, by providing 'factory flats' for example, attract small firms, but it is more important that it should encourage the sort of industrial structure from which some firms spring naturally; and, when they do arise, that it should give them help in their infant stage rather than penalise them for being untidy infants, as too often happens. The main policy, however, will often be reduced to a matter of negotiation with prospective settling firms. The reception area wants its new firms to dig themselves in and they should be encouraged to move their office and specialist staff by the offer of help of one sort or another by the local authority. Such details ought not to be neglected simply because they appear at first to be matters concerned only with the internal organisation of the firm. They are not just the frills of employment policy and may indeed turn out to be the key to a permanent solution.—*From a talk in the Welsh Home Service*



# NEWS DIARY

January 12-19

## Tuesday, January 12

More than 120 people are reported killed or missing in avalanches in Austria and Switzerland

M. Le Troquer, a socialist, is elected President of the French National Assembly

## Wednesday, January 13

More than 800 men absent themselves from work on third day of 'token' strike by Electrical Trades Union

Commonwealth Finance Ministers agree on main objectives at conference in Sydney

General Neguib orders dissolution of Muslim Brotherhood

## Thursday, January 14

Indian chairman of repatriation commission in Korea announces that he will hand over all prisoners of war to their original captors on January 20

Many Muslims are arrested in Egypt

Sixteen persons killed when an aeroplane from the Philippines crashes near Rome

## Friday, January 15

Heavy gales cause damage in north of England and Scotland

Second in command of Mau Mau is captured in Kenya. Supreme Court dismisses appeal of Jomo Kenyatta

## Saturday, January 16

B.O.A.C. announces that there is no evidence of structural weakness in its Comet aircraft

England beats Wales in Rugby International at Twickenham

## Sunday, January 17

Representatives of four powers agree in Berlin on meeting places for coming conference of Foreign Ministers

H.M. the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh arrive in South Island of New Zealand

Mr. Djilas, President of the Yugoslav Parliament, is expelled from Central Committee of Yugoslav Communist Party

## Monday, January 18

Signor Fanfani, the new Christian Democratic Prime Minister of Italy, forms a new Government

'Token' strike in electrical trade is widespread

Chairman of Repatriation Commission in Korea states that United Nations must not release prisoners restored to them

## Tuesday, January 19

Employers in the electrical contracting industry in England refuse work to many who took part in the 'token' strike on previous day

Parliament reassembles after Christmas recess



The scene inside Parliament House, Wellington, during the opening of a special session of the New Zealand Parliament by the Queen on January 12. Her Majesty is wearing her Coronation robe; beside her is the Duke of Edinburgh. Later there was an investiture at Government House. On January 18 the Queen and the Duke arrived by air at Christchurch to start their tour of South Island



Chester Wilmot, the Australian war historian and broadcaster, who was killed in the Comet airliner disaster on January 10. He was forty-two. Mr. Wilmot became war correspondent for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in 1940 and four years later B.B.C. correspondent on the western front. In 1952 he published *The Struggle for Europe*, a controversial book in which he discussed allied war policy



The funeral at Porto Azzurro, Elba, on January 15, of the fifteen bodies recovered from the Comet airliner that crashed into the Mediterranean on January 10, with a loss of thirty-five lives. A public inquiry into the disaster is to be held





100 people lost their lives in a series of avalanches in the Tyrol province of Austria last week. This photograph, taken from the air, shows rescue workers digging their way through the buried village of Blons in the Great Walser Valley. At least thirty people were killed. At a funeral service for the victims held on Sunday at a village in the district the mayor said it was the worst avalanche disaster since 1689.



On January 16 M. René Coty was installed in office as the new President of the French Republic in succession to M. Vincent Auriol. The presidential procession leaving the Elysée Palace.



Interior of the restored church of St. Stephen Walbrook which reopened next month. Designed by Wren, it was the first church to be damaged in the bombing of London.



A new official publication about Britain's atomic factories, describing the development of the atomic industry since 1946, has just been published by H.M. Stationery Office: the plutonium factory at Sellafield, Cumberland, where two large natural uranium atomic piles are producing fissile material.



Viscount Simon, former Foreign Secretary and one of the outstanding lawyers and political leaders of his time, who died on January 11. He was nearly eighty-one, Solicitor-General in Mr. Asquith's Government at the age of thirty-seven, when he was knighted, he was promoted to Cabinet rank, as Attorney-General, in 1913, and was Home Secretary in 1915 and 1916. In 1927 Sir John was chairman of the Indian Statutory Commission which published its historic report in 1930. Between 1931 and 1940 he served as Foreign Secretary, Home Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after his elevation to the peerage in 1940 he sat in Mr. Churchill's War Cabinet as Lord Chancellor.



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Buddhism and the Enlightenment of Man

Sir,—Professor Malalasekera's broadcast on Buddhism (THE LISTENER, January ) is so beautifully written, and so persuasive and interesting, that one is loath to challenge some of its statements. Yet this must needs be done:

1. 'Buddhism is the world's most ancient living religion'. This statement might well be contested by Parsees, who claim to have preserved the religion of Zarathustra, probably a bit earlier in date than the Buddha, and it is certainly incorrect, since the more primitive living religions found in such places as New Guinea and the Indian jungle are descendants of pre-Buddhist faiths. What one imagines the Professor meant to say was 'one of the world's most ancient founded religions'.

2. '... why men who have ceased to believe in so many gods, should begin seriously to believe in man'. This seems more like a description of mid-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century humanism. Our own age is one in which man is surely inclined to give up believing in himself, and to distrust assertions about his greatness.

3. Professor Malalasekera speaks for Cingalese Buddhists, who belong to the Theravada or Hinayana section of Buddhism. The English-speaking public has the right to be reminded that the larger number of Buddhists belong to the Mahayana section, which holds a form of Incarnation doctrine. The earliest stratum in the sayings of the Buddha contains statements which show a belief more like that of the Isa Upanishad, with references to a Great Self. It is thus arguable that Theravada doctrine is only one possible development of the teaching of the Buddha, and is not impossibly a distortion of the latter. To speak about it as though it were 'Buddhism' is like equating Unitarianism with the whole of Christianity. It is indeed questionable whether Theravada Buddhism is not an early type of Asiatic humanism rather than a religion. On the other hand, it may be a form of identity-mysticism which only appears atheistic because the idioms of Sanskrit and Pali documents, as they appear in English translations, are open to grave misunderstanding. In any case it is the faith of a minority of Buddhists, albeit a substantial one, and is quite different from Japanese Buddhism.

One wishes Professor Malalasekera could have told us whether there is any movement on foot to fuse the different sections of Buddhism into one great federation, and whether this is affecting the doctrines of the Hinayana in any way.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

A. C. BOUQUET

## Human Nature in Politics

Sir,—Mr. Trevor-Roper's reply to Dr. David Thomson suggests that he does not appreciate how remarkable his original statements seemed to anyone acquainted with the history of France in the nineteenth century. His explanation is even more remarkable. He describes the insurgents of June 1848 as revolutionary socialists crying for the dictatorship of the proletariat. I wish I knew anything as positive about them, for the June Days are one of the most obscure of great events in the nineteenth century. We do not know who led the revolt, or even if it had any leaders. We do not know—though we may learn when the police archives have been analysed—

whether, or in what proportions, the insurgents were members of a wage-earning proletariat, or, as is more probable, were drawn mainly from the class of small masters, whether they were Parisians or immigrant workers from the countryside. It is probable that they were not members of the *Ateliers nationaux*, but even this is not absolutely certain. We do not know what ideas, if any, inspired them, apart from hunger, or what they were 'crying for'. If Mr. Trevor-Roper has any evidence that it was for the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' this would be of considerable historical interest. Marx himself, to the best of my knowledge, did not employ this term until later, and proof of its use by the Parisians in the June Days would be a striking contribution to the history of socialist thought and of the *mouvement ouvrier* in France.

Mr. Trevor-Roper's two other points also need comment. In view of the devastating criticism that Marx launched on the utopian socialists who preceded him, to speak of a 'utopian-Marxist' philosophy, unless utopian is merely a term of abuse, is surely meaningless. Finally, I know that it is fashionable to attribute anything and everything to Rousseau, but the equation of the theory of the general will, even in the broadest language, with plebiscitary dictatorship, is specifically ruled out by Book II, Chapter I, of the *Contrat Social*.

The statements that Mr. Trevor-Roper makes might, it is possible, be found in some text-book or other, but from a historian of his calibre one does not expect loose and misleading assertions, even about the nineteenth century. He himself would deal much more effectively than I have here with similar statements if he met them in any writings on the seventeenth century.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ALFRED COBBAN

Sir,—Mr. Trevor-Roper's letter shows that he has a real flair for getting 'misunderstood'. May this have a connection with his surprising use of English and of logic, as well as of history? As explanation of his original statement that 'Marx, in the form of the June revolution', bedevilled the development of France, he now says that he referred only to 'revolutionary socialists commended by Marx', and representing 'a utopian-Marxist philosophy'. He wisely does not try to tell us who these philosophers were.

May I refer him to the remarks of his colleague, John Plamenatz (in *The Revolutionary Movement in France*):

None of the well-known Jacobin, socialist, or revolutionary leaders was involved in the insurrection. Blanqui and Barbès were in prison; Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and their friends had nothing whatever to do with it. . . . The revolt, as far as the police authorities knew, was leaderless. . . . What the workers hoped to gain by it, it is impossible to say.

Since Mr. Trevor-Roper asks for some authority other than mine for questioning his judgments, here is one. Many others could be given on request. And if to be subsequently 'commended by Marx' means the same as Marxism 'taking the form of the June revolution', English goes by the board as well as historical facts. Recalling that all this confusion of Marxism with other revolutionary movements was adduced as evi-

dence that 'much too much' had been made of Marx, the logic is as strange as the English. Nor do I think that 'Third Empire' is quite good enough for the Third Programme.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

DAVID THOMSON

## 'The Nazarene Gospel Restored'

Sir,—Galileo's fantastic theory that the earth goes round the sun shocked the highly trained Copernican scholars of his day who did not, however, need to refute him scientifically, but managed to force a recantation from him in the theological courts. The highly trained Protestant scholars who review our book in the lay weeklies may wish that they were strong enough to follow suit, but times have changed and they are called upon to criticise us on historical grounds alone. This they cannot effectively do, since processed to think in a scholastic tradition, which calls for no close study either of the Pharisaic oral Law, which Jesus told his disciples to keep, or of the contemporary political situation in Palestine, or even of Roman Provincial government. They therefore resort either to irony or to hysterical abuse. Three years ago one of us, after close consultation with the other, broadcast an advance excerpt from this book for the B.B.C. We dealt with the Christian manipulations of Jesus' parable of the talents. Such manipulations were not, as your reviewer suggests, first detected by us: Origen, discussing them in his *Against Celsus*, admits that the practice was common in certain Christian Churches, though, of course, not in his own. THE LISTENER (September 15, 1949) published this broadcast talk, but it remained unanswered and will continue to remain unanswered.

Let your reviewer (THE LISTENER, December 31) be realistic, and instead of invoking the principles of academic freedom, consider the case of a college High Table where the Professor of Divinity sits between the Professor of Roman History and the Lecturer in Rabbinics. Will the two latter go out of their way to warn their students against accepting at their face value the gospel accounts of Jesus' trial and his appearance before Pilate? We throw not, unless the Professor of Divinity has first publicly insulted them. These matters are no concern of theirs, they will say. Yet the Professor of Roman History knows perfectly well that the pilgrim crowds would never have hooted for Jesus' blood and proclaimed themselves friends of Caesar, and that Pilate's administrative record and his obstinate, headstrong, cruel character, as described by Philo and Josephus, are consistent with the Gospel account of how he hustled to and fro, terrified of the unarmed Jews, pleading and cajoling, finding no fault in Jesus though he claimed to be the King in defiance of the Emperor—finally offering to release what prisoner they pleased, and washing his hands of the whole affair.

The Lecturer in Rabbinics knows equally well that the Supreme Sanhedrin possessed no power to crucify, could not have been convened on the day before Passover, and had strict rules of procedure, irreconcilable with the gospel account of the trial; further, that the charge proffered against Jesus was, if proved, punishable with no more than thirty-nine stripes.

We agree that considerably greater scope is given to heterodoxy at the universities than



twenty years ago, yet the separation between sacred and profane history is still preserved in the interests both of long-standing Christian tradition and of collegiate peace.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.4

ROBERT GRAVES

JOSHUA PODRO

[Our reviewer writes that 'having spent the greater part of his life in universities ancient and modern he has never found his colleagues, be they Professors of Roman History, Lecturers in Rabbinics, or in any subject, in the very least disinclined to bring their specialised knowledge to bear upon theological matters at High Table, in common room, or anywhere else. If the authors of this volume were acquainted with academic life they would know that technical questions of Roman jurisprudence and Jewish practice in relation to specific episodes in the New Testament Passion narratives are just the kind of subjects which are frequently raised in general conversation and in lecture rooms, and any real or supposed discrepancies given due consideration, as, indeed, they have been freely and often discussed by commentators.

'The point at issue in the review, however, goes deeper than this. Exception was taken to the contention that theologians are liable to be dismissed by university authorities for heterodoxy, and therefore they "shrink from making a concerted attempt to investigate the processes by which authentic tradition became distorted". This, of course, is quite untrue. For instance, as long ago as 1883 when Robertson Smith was dismissed from the Free Church College at Aberdeen on a charge of heresy, he was promptly appointed to the Lord Almoner's Readership (and subsequently to the Chair) of Arabic at Cambridge, in which capacity he unceasingly vindicated, without let or hindrance, the right of free historical inquiry against all narrow dogmatism and attempts to stifle the quest of truth. Moreover, he did not hesitate to show the implications for the Christian doctrine of the Atonement and the Eucharist of his remarkable researches in the comparative study of religion, to which the late Sir James Frazer has borne such eloquent testimony'.]

### 'The Nemesis of Power'

Sir,—Professor Namier now admits that Seeckt was dismissed. But by Hindenburg! Would a devout monarchist like Hindenburg dismiss the creator of Germany's new army for such a lapse?

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett in his *Hindenburg*, page 299, writes:

At once a howl of fury arose from the Republicans and the government was criticised abroad. . . . The very existence of the Cabinet was threatened. With profound reluctance Gessler was forced (by his colleagues in the Cabinet) to recommend to the President that Seeckt be asked to resign.

So Hindenburg acted constitutionally and dismissed Seeckt.

I was in Germany from November 9, 1918, until Sir Neville Henderson became ambassador. I saw the first sod turned at the great new aerodrome at Gatow, in the summer of 1933, and heard the first fighter planes over Dessau. There was nothing secret about German rearmament. Unless aircraft can be disguised as cows and divisions as platoons, I fail to see how rearmament can be kept secret. There can be laboratory research, but I never heard that Stresemann asked Planck or Einstein to see what they could do. That would have been serious, though not contrary to the treaty.

The inference to be drawn from the Professor's broadcast was that Adenauer, who was one of the Centre leaders in those days, is not to be trusted, any more than the new German Generals. That is the French view and E.D.C. is held up. Not matter for a *jeu d'esprit*. (In my last paragraph I am 'visibly annoyed' according to Professor Namier. What a sudden transition from gaiety to anger!)—Yours, etc.,

Sark

T. F. BREEN

Sir,—Professor Namier has replied adequately to the letter of Major Breen concerning the exhumation of 'the old story of the 40,000 N.C.O.s' but he has not dealt with the further statement that 'it was Foch not Seeckt who put them there'.

I have always understood that the creation of a small but highly trained Reichswehr on a long-service basis was the result of British and not French policy. The Coalition Government decided upon the abolition of compulsory military service and as a consequence the British representative at the Peace Conference pressed strongly for the abolition of universal service in Germany. Marshal Foch, in fact, had serious misgivings.

It would be well if all who are now in favour of German rearmament were to read again the story of the years immediately following the armistice of 1918.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

F. S. MARSTON

### John Ireland and the Piano

Sir,—As I seem to have occasioned a slight 'set to' in your columns, perhaps these few confessions might not be out of place. Mr. Norman Suckling wrote that he does not know the Concerto which I had 'failed to persuade Paderewski to play'. Nor indeed could he know it seeing that I have long since consigned it to limbo. I was only about twenty when I composed it, but in my arrogant enthusiasm had hoped that the renowned pianist might play it. The work was entirely immature, and although Paderewski was much too kind a man to dismiss it as a mere student's effort, I innocently failed to realise that even had it been a masterpiece (!) that in itself would not have ensured a performance. No persuasion came into the matter. I met Paderewski several times during his career, played at his request some of my pieces, but never suggested that he should include any of them in his programmes. By then I had come to know that even eminent artists cannot just play what they happen to like, for it is their managers or the concert promoters who dictate more or less what they shall or shall not play.

However, that is a detail. What I wish to confess is, that not only that Concerto, but practically all the many orchestral works or those involving orchestra which I wrote before I was thirty-two, I have long ago destroyed as unrepresentative.

As for my little piano pieces, the popularity of which has in one sense been my undoing, I would be the last to compare them with those of Dr. John Ireland. Mr. Elkin, in his letter, was obviously referring to my larger piano items, which the British public has not been given the opportunity of getting to know and hence of judging. Mr. Suckling does not think me capable of writing effectively in the larger forms, whilst Mr. Elkin is apparently of a different opinion, shared, as he pointed out, by some eminent Continental artists.—Yours, etc.,

Eastbourne

CYRIL SCOTT

### Runcible Man

Sir,—Mr. Hugh-Jones expresses himself with an old-fashioned courtesy as agreeable as it is rare; but by the arbitrary manner of his approach to our subject he plays straight into the hands of Dr. Schwamm. The precise meaning attached to the word 'runcible' by Mr. Lear is surely a matter of surmise, not dogma. I do not propose to linger over the fantastic assertions of Mr. Snell. Suffice it to remark that were Aunt Jobiska's Cat in fact pea-green, Mr. Lear (always a delicate colourist) would not have whiskered her crimson at all. The important, nay the essential, thing is that each of us should attribute to Mr. Lear's vocabulary whatever

sense is convenient at the time, *provided always that we remember our own attribution*. Only thus may we find some common ground for the study and appreciation of the Master and remove at any rate one cause of the fruitless, dogmatic, and irremediable squabbles which at present divide us.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.14

HONOR TRACY

Sir,—Mr. E. M. Hugh-Jones complicates this word to a fantastic conclusion. Thomas Tusser, writing about 1557, twice refers to *runcival* peas:

November:

Green peason, or Hastings, at Hallontide sow,  
In hearty good soil he requirith to grow:  
Grey peason, or runcivals, cheerly to stand,  
At Candlemas sow with a plentiful hand.

In Dorothy Hartley's edition a note adds: 'Roncevalles—Spanish town where bones of heroes were . . . shown: hence anything large. (Payne and Herrtage)'.

The other reference is under February:

Stick plenty of boughs among runcival pease  
To clamber thereon and to branch at their ease;  
So doing, more tender and greater they wax . . .

The meaning of *runcible*, interpreted as large, could be applied with equal good sense to Aunt Jobiska's cat, Edward Lear's hat, and to the spoon used at the Owl and the Pussy-Cat's wedding.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

H. A. LAKE BARNETT

Hon. Secretary,

The Folk-Lore Society

### 'The Englishwoman's Castle'

Sir,—While I am much in accord with some of Mr. Mottram's ideas about houses (and I have a sun room myself), I was appalled to find him advocating fluorescent lighting in the home. Not only is there some scientific disagreement about the effects of prolonged fluorescent lighting on the human organism, but aesthetically it is very disagreeable. Is it not enough that we have to drink khaki-coloured tea among pale green people in restaurants? Must we live permanently in this monstrous scenery?

Finally, Mr. Mottram seems to be quite unaware of the visual and psychological charm of shadow. Who wants a shadowless sitting room, anyway? Any painter could tell Mr. Mottram something about this.—Yours, etc.,

Amberley

DOMS DAVY

### The Whole Man Alive

Sir,—While it is possible to agree with Miss Wynne-Tyson that Lawrence was neither saint nor philosopher, at least in the strict sense of these terms, it is certainly not possible to agree with the detail or the general sentiment of the rest of her letter. Miss Wynne-Tyson reproaches Lawrence with having failed to attain to that state of 'evolved vision' which would have enabled him to write of the Perfect Man; Lawrence can hardly be regarded as the first literary genius to have 'failed' in this way. But it would be uncharitable to suppose that Miss Wynne-Tyson is unaware that Lawrence did write, if not of Gandhi, Schweitzer, Gotama, or Mahavira, at least of Jesus Christ—of Jesus Christ whose teaching, unlike that of Gandhi, was never one of physical renunciation. It is also worth remembering that in refusing to accept any philosophy of renunciation or asceticism, involving the meaningless suppression of any part of the 'whole man', in preferring to write of the 'whole man alive', Lawrence was only taking his place in one of the strongest traditions in English literature. How reasonable or unreasonable he was in so doing must be for each reader to decide.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 7

ANDREW HOOK



# Modern Art in Finland

By J. HAMPDEN JACKSON

**W**E might—I heard a lady say at the exhibition, 'Modern Art in Finland'—'we might be in Paris'. And it is striking indeed that a peasant people, who gained their independence only a generation ago, could have produced an artistic achievement that is at once so sophisticated and so distinctive: 'We might be in Paris'.

We might: but there is nothing 'Ecole-de-Paris' about these exhibits. There is hardly anything in the exhibition that is not essentially Finnish. And it does not take long, in these two rooms in the New Burlington Galleries, to realise that this work springs from a peasant culture.

The paintings are interesting rather than memorable. But there is no long tradition of oil-painting in Finland, any more than there is in Ireland. Easel pictures are a bourgeois and an aristocratic form of art: we should not expect to find them in a peasant country. What we should expect to find are the arts which spring directly from peasant crafts: above all, work in stone and wood, which are the Finns' natural materials. The world—especially the American world—has seen a great deal of Finnish architecture and furniture, and this exhibition is not the place to see more of them. There are no architectural drawings or photographs, and by way of furniture there are only a few chairs and stools, which are not outstanding. What is outstanding is the sculpture.

It is absurd to ask why Finnish stone-carving is so good. In granite, one gets the impression that the Finns can make no mistake. They have lived so close to it and wrestled with it for so long; they understand it. It is a rebellious material; you can try no tricks with granite. The Finns build and carve in it naturally and with respect. Their sculpture is architectural, or at any rate monumental, and the best of it cannot be seen apart from the buildings. But there are four outstanding portrait-heads by Aaltonen, which need no better setting than this gallery. They are in the European tradi-



Boy in granite, by Wäinö Aaltonen, from the Arts Council exhibition of Finnish art

tion of sculpture, and at the same time they could not be anything but Finnish. It is good to see them in London, where we sometimes need remind—that there is still at least one country where sculpture remains a living, natural form of expression.

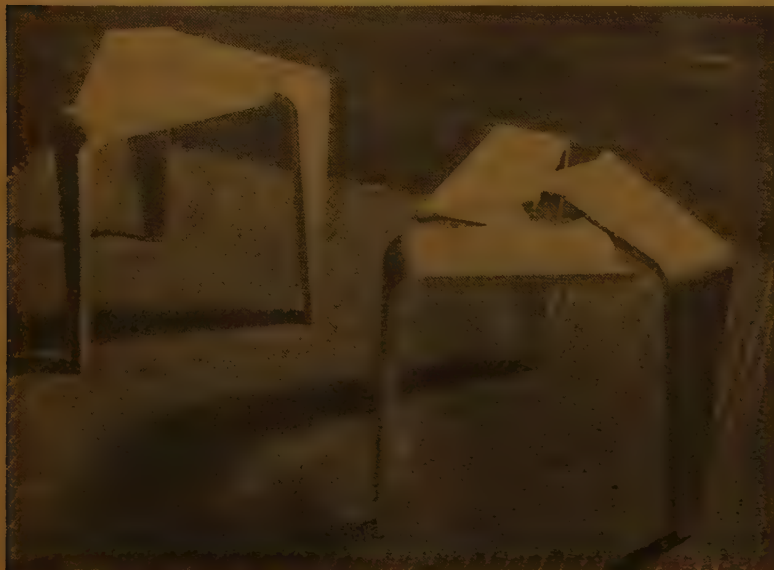
What do I mean by 'a living, natural form of expression'? How can I tell you unless you have been to Finland and seen the statuary growing like trees in the streets and cast on the buildings like features on a face? But perhaps I can give an example or two of what I mean. In Finland an act has been before parliament to make it obligatory that one per cent. of all the public money spent on buildings should be spent on decorative arts, including sculpture. And in Finland it is not only public money that goes to the commissioning of sculpture. When private business firms build a factory, they regard a statue as part of a building, much as English business firms would regard a clock. And isolated village communities will commission a piece of sculpture from the best artists in the land—and will offer his full fee for the job.

Of the work in wood, there is too little in this exhibition. But a few pieces in laminated aircraft plywood by Tapio Wirkkala are wonderful examples of the sense of design which seems never to leave the Finns when they work in this material. And, of course, there has hardly been a day in their long history when the Finns have not been working in wood: wood for their houses and furniture, their boats and their agricultural implements; wood for their tubs and barrels, shoes and baskets; wood for their plates and bowls and spoons; wood, alas, for their alcohol. And wood now for their export trade—wood in a thousand forms, from tables to the finest paper. We have gone a long way from the utilitarian and the industrial to the abstract relief and the objects called 'Leaf' and 'Shell' by Tapio Wirkkala, but 2,000 years of Finnish preoccupation with wood are behind them. If they seem strange to us I think it is because our preoccupation has been with oak and beech rather than with the silver birch and juniper and the soft woods of Finland.

The most striking thing in the Finnish exhibition, to my mind, is the work in wool, and in the textiles generally. It is a long journey from the tapestry entitled 'Doves' by Dora Jung to the linen woven in a Finnish farm-kitchen, but I cannot see this lovely piece of tapestry without being reminded of a farmer's wife I knew in central Finland who made her man grow a patch of flax from which in the end she wove cloth for the family's sheets and shirts and towels. Mechanised textile manufacture has not come to anything yet in Finland, and Englishmen and Scotsmen may well look down their noses at Finnish factory-made textiles. But there can be no looking down at the home-spun. From the farm work to the pieces by Dora Jung, Eva Anttila, and Alli Koroma, the line is direct.

But the really exciting thing in this exhibition is the rugs. Rug-making is still the most distinctive of the peasant crafts in Finland. Every farmer's household still makes rugs to cover the floors, and to hang on the walls; and in many households they still make a rug to cover the daughter's wooden linen-chest—which takes the place of our bottom-drawer; the rug which will later cover the bridal bed.

The typical Finnish rug is the *ryijy*, a long-piled carpet with the many-threaded tufts knotted to the warp in a Smyrna knot, and it has been made in Finland from time immemorial. Gustav Vasa appreciated it enough to order *ryijy*-rugs for his royal palaces in Sweden. The patterns and the colouring are traditional, and the traditions vary from



Stools by Marko Niskala

By courtesy of 'Design'



province to province and from district to district, like the patterns and colours of a peasant costume. Some themes are general all over the country—the 'Tree of Life' theme, for example—and variations on them have been woven and knotted from the Middle Ages to this day. And motifs like the anchor and the birds, the wreath and the crown, appear again and again. But the rugs owe more to their colouring than to their design: the colouring which came in the old days from dyes made from birch-bark and alder and willow-bark, from moss and lichen.

How much alive this tradition of work in wool is, I was reminded last spring when I found myself in a Karelian refugee's household in central Finland. The family had fled from Karelia when the Russians annexed the province in 1944. They had set up a new farm on newly cleared land. Inside the house, I could hardly believe my eyes. Half the sitting-room was taken up by a brand-new loom. Looms are not bought in Finland but made by the farmers. 'Did your menfolk really make this', I asked the farmer's wife, 'when they had so much else to do? When they had to clear the land and build the farm-buildings—to say nothing of this farmhouse—themselves?'

'Yes', she replied, 'I got my sons to make me this loom as soon as I could move in. It's exactly like the old one we had to leave behind in Karelia'.

There was a knotted rug, recently finished, on the wall. 'There are thirty-seven shades of wool in that', she explained. 'I had to do it in the summer because the light in the winter is not good enough to see by'. Aesthetically that rug had no value at all, but as a work of devotion it was memorable. The summers are short in Finland, and how this busy housewife had found time to finish this hideous, complicated rug cannot be imagined.

Because one saw too much in Finnish houses that was repetitive and finicky, I used to think that this rug-making was petering out as an art, however common it might be as a domestic craft and recreation. It seemed to be going the way of the Victorian sampler and of the leisured lady's embroidery. But such doubts have been ended by this exhibition. The four *ryijy*-rugs shown are so fresh and striking in colour, so exciting in design, that I shall not be able to forget them, nor that this most Finnish of peasant crafts is still a lively art. The question that worries me is why it is that folk-art is so very much alive in Finland when it is so dead in other European countries which have gone through the industrial revolution. Here in England, for instance, hand-loom weaving is rare and self-conscious; it has been killed by the machine. In Finland it is as common as jam-making. Machine-made textiles compete with the hand-made cloth and rugs only in the sense that factory-made jam competes with hand-made jam here in England. The factory-product may be cheaper, but nobody thinks it is as good.

The stranger to Finland might not detect the peasant traditions behind the very modern objects in this exhibition, but I think the people responsible for it are right not to let us have any obvious signs of the peasant. If this exhibition says anything about Finland socially, it is not that the Finns are a peasant people but that they have adapted themselves to the world of mechanisation and mass-production more alertly than almost any other. Those stools and chairs in birchwood and plastic are for mass-production. That glass was made in the studios of a gigantic factory. They would look more at home in the United Nations buildings in New York than almost anywhere in western Europe, let alone in a Finnish farmstead. Yet they are the work of Finns in Finland—and not of Finns working with one eye to the export market.

### Contrasts between Primitive and Sophisticated

It is a perpetual surprise to Englishmen, this contrast in Finland between the primitive, the peasant world, and the ultra-modern world beside it, sophisticated in materials, design, and mechanisation. I once spent a morning with an undergraduate in his Commercial High School in Helsinki, a building more completely twentieth-century than any I have known. There was an attention to lighting and acoustics which would make our school architects seem Edwardian. Then we took an aeroplane up country and in the evening were in his parents' farmhouse, where little had changed since the seventeenth century. They produced everything for themselves in that farm: wove their own blankets from their own sheep's wool, thrashed and ground their own corn, and even grew and dried their own tobacco. They were dependent on the town, they said, for nothing except rubber boots, spectacles, and, of course, books. It was an exaggeration, but not far from the mark.

And apparently the Finns are not conscious that there is any in-

congruity at all between these two worlds. I used to know an old farm labourer who slept on the stove in his master's kitchen and ate with his fingers out of a wooden bowl of his own making. Every now and then he had to spend a few months as a patient in a sanatorium for tubercular cases. When I visited him there, manipulating electrical gadgets in his pastel-shaded room—where the cupboards were built-in, the lighting concealed, and where my neo-Georgian eye could not see the doors, let alone the stream-lined washbasin—he seemed as much at home as when he was in the farm kitchen. 'No', he said, to my solicitudes, 'hospitals ought to be like *this*; farmhouses ought to be like *that*'.

Which brings me back to the glass and the furniture. Furniture ought to be like *that*—heavy, almost everlasting, if it is for the farm kitchen: but if it is a question of making chairs and tables for an urban flat, it ought to be like *this*—light, because it must be moved about; small, because there is a dreadful shortage of room and rents vary with the cubic metres of space in the flat; and cheap, because people must set up house before they have made their pile. Hence the laminated birchwood furniture that we associate with the name of Aalvar Aalto. It is good to see so much of Aalto in this exhibition—he is still the greatest of Finnish designers—but it is even better to see the few pieces by men still in their thirties and even their twenties. Today it is as wrong to think of Aalto as the only Finnish furniture designer as it is to think of Sibelius as the only Finnish composer.

### Solid, Heavy Glass

As for the glass, the Finnish exhibitors seem to say 'It ought to be like *this*. And if the facilities of the factory help us to make it so, why be surprised that we use them?' These glass exhibits will surprise even people familiar with Swedish glassware. It is solid, heavy stuff, and the inspiration comes from the ice and the icicles that are the crystal cradle of Finland. The flower vases are for a single bloom, in a country where the flowers are too rare to be bunched. The ash-trays are for ash and stubs, neither more nor less. Only when the glass objects get away from the utilitarian do they err aesthetically. All the artists are employed at one or other of the big commercial glass-works. I wonder whether commerce is really the inevitable enemy of art?

I have made no attempt to cover the whole of this little exhibition. I have said nothing about the ceramics—though many people will say that the plaques are the most original and beautiful things in the show. If I have left them out, it is because in them alone I can see no connection between this work of art and the society that is Finland: though my friends tell me to look again—at the dark, deep colouring that is the pulse in the veins of the black, as the glass is the pulse in the veins of the white, in the eternal black and white of the Finnish winter.

But I find that fanciful, and I came away from the Finnish Exhibition with what preachers call a Message. We talk of 'adapting ourselves to the modern world' as if modernity were something without any connection with the past, and as if adaptation involves something like a violation of the habits of mind which are our history. The problems of adaptation in the political and social field that face Finland today might seem overwhelming. How to preserve national independence and all it stands for, while in the very maw of Russia? How to change, as the pressure of the times is forcing Finland to do, from a peasant country to an industrial country, from a nation of countrymen to a nation of townsmen? How to work with electric power instead of with hand-tools? How to live by exporting instead of by self-sufficiency? And how to find an export market for mechanised goods and machines themselves, instead of for the butter and sawn timber that were the old exports?

Some of the answers to these questions are symbolised in this very modern, very contemporary exhibition. What the Finns show is that one grows up—the contemporary evolving out of the traditional, and adaptation coming, not smoothly, not easily, but naturally, like growing up, by God's grace and native genius, and an alert effort to face the problems of the new age.—*Third Programme*

*The Second Report of the Television Advisory Committee, 1952* has now been published by the Stationery Office, price 1s. The Committee recommends the adoption of frequency modulation for Very High Frequency sound broadcasting in this country. There is a minority report by Mr. C. O. Stanley. The majority states that 'the B.B.C. plan has already been thoroughly examined and there seems to be no reason to hold up the technical decision, on which the introduction of V.H.F. sound broadcasting depends, any longer'.



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

NO modern painter has had a more ubiquitous influence than Raoul Dufy. Magazine covers and posters, curtains, handkerchiefs and cushions wear his colours. The skirts of the girl in a bus queue in a mining village that has never heard his name are, if not Dufy, *bottega di Dufy*. Among the *fauves* he is the apostle to the gentiles; it is perhaps because of this that we approach the retrospective exhibition of his work organised by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery with certain misgivings. It may be wrong but it is not unnatural to mistrust the vulgariser. These doubts melt away before the gaiety, the wit, the inspired impudence of his paintings. Heavily to criticise that which is so unimpeachably charming seems folly and, if criticisms do nevertheless suggest themselves, it is the fault of those who have organised this exhibition and who, by showing us how splendid were the talents of the painter's youth, leave us perplexed by his later development. His was a joyous, lyrical, effervescent nature, a nature that made itself apparent even when held in check by the restraining influence of Degas or of Cézanne. Being forced by these masters to look for solid structural appearances his genius may, in the years before 1914, be likened to some volatile aeriform fluid penned within a balloon and dancing with its own ebullience. The young Dufy must have seemed destined to join the select and distinguished company of disciplined yet lyrical painters. But then he escaped. I suppose that it was Matisse who showed him how to make a get-away. And that liberty which Matisse has used so well became for Dufy a kind of pleasant but pointless anarchy, a state in which he is always delightful but seldom impressive. He, who might have been a great painter, became a first-rate confectioner. Gas is all very well in its way, but it is not very elevating when unconfined.

The need for some kind of discipline, for an effective aesthetic container, is likely to be felt by those who survey the work of the very young. Contenance is not usually one of their virtues. Our age teaches them to explode, although there is reason to think that their predicament is not altogether a new one.

'There are too many of them poor devils; so many who must make their way, who must attract attention. Some of them can only *taper fort*, stand on their heads, turn somersaults, or commit deeds of violence, to make people notice them'. The situation is even more desperate than it was when Nicholas Dormer criticised the painters of the 'eighties; for now the older men have grown grey in turning somersaults and deeds of violence are two a penny upon the walls of the London galleries. What chance is there for the youthful acrobat or the would-be juvenile delinquent?

These mournful reflections occurred to me in Gallery One, a new, small, and adventurous establishment in Lichfield Street; just the place for the Stoa of some new and outrageous philosophy of art, the kind

of thing that will prove amazing, infuriating, and yet compelling. Gallery One may yet find its revolutionary genius, I am sure that it deserves him, but the young people who are now showing there, though pleasing enough to be sure, will astonish no one. Mr. Russell Sully is a young American who has looked carefully at the work of Steinberg and whose most ambitious effort, 'The Island', is also, significantly, his best. His compatriot, Miss Geraldine Spencer, finds some pretty qualities of paint; but I feel that both these young artists are sadly in need of that which the young Dufy had, the tutelage of an austere and uncompromising master.

They are not alone in their misfortune; much the same may be said of the young artists who are now exhibiting at Messrs. Roland Browse and Delbanco. Here Mr. Fussell and Mr. Whishaw hanker for deeds of violence but are not, as yet, in my opinion, fully armed with the weapons wherewith such deeds should be committed; Mr. Roberts has, I suspect, a very nice feeling for colour which is at present obscured by his devotion to the heavy school of manual labour. Mr. Middleditch makes the boldest bid for our attention. He certainly has a gift for finding an arresting subject; he also has a fine exuberant painterly manner of treating that which he finds; but I think that, in covering his large canvases, he sometimes bites off rather



'L'Orchestre, Théâtre du Havre, 1902', by Raoul Dufy: from the exhibition at the Tate Gallery

more than he can chew; a little more, perhaps, than his appetite really demands. That which, in his work, should be prodigious is always in danger of being empty. I would suggest that it is wiser to try to make two apples on a dish as overwhelming as a torrent in spate, than to run the risk of making the cataclysm of the waters as tame as two apples on a dish. Miss Margaret Neve attempts rather less and achieves rather more than her companions. She commands, and is beginning beautifully to use, a very sure sense of colour. There is a fine bustle and mystery in her pictures and an exact though romantic power of observation which makes her a painter whose development one will watch with interest and with some assurance of delight. In the same gallery is some excellent pottery by Katherine Yarrows, a remarkable Sickert, a ribald and pretty Rowlandson and a very fine landscape by Spencer Gore.

It is proper that the young should receive a place of honour after Dufy (even when the place of honour involves standing fire) and that they should precede the more obviously noticeable New Year Show at the Leicester Galleries. Moreover this show beggars description, containing as it does something for almost every taste: Lowry, Ford Madox Brown, Graham Sutherland, Stanley Spencer, Sickert, and others. But the chief impression that remains is that of a great disagreeable rocky landscape by Courbet which bullies the visitors' attention in a room which contains much that is talented or more than talented.

A new book on Dufy by George Besson has recently been published by Soho Gallery, Ltd., price 15s.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**John Keats. The Living Year. 21 September 1818 to 21 September 1819.**

**By Robert Gittings. Heinemann. 16s.**

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN, in his *Life of Keats*, commended the problem of the identity of the Mrs. Jones, mentioned by Woodhouse as having suggested the subject of 'The Eve of St. Agnes', to some future researcher. More than thirty years later Mr. Gittings has acted on his suggestion with a thoroughness which has produced some remarkable results. Not only has he given substance to the shadowy form of Isabella Jones and revealed the important part she played in Keats' emotional and poetic life, but he has also re-created, almost day by day, the year in which Keats wrote all his greatest poems and the material from his reading and his life, which went into them.

In all such attempts to re-create the life of a genius, some element of conjecture is unavoidable. Mr. Gittings is too careful and sensitive a scholar to indulge in it in his literary findings, for which, generally, he can produce convincing verbal evidence. But the relations between a man and a woman, particularly when by agreement kept secret, as they were between Keats and Isabella Jones, are not susceptible to proof. Something of her character is known through her friendship with Keats' publisher, John Taylor, and a few surviving letters she wrote to him. J. H. Reynolds described her as beautiful, but her social status remains a mystery. No mention is made of a Mr. Jones. All that is known is that she was in the habit of wintering in London and spent her summers near Hastings with an elderly rich Irishman named O'Callaghan. Keats first met her there in the summer of 1817. But it was not until the early autumn of 1818 that, after a third meeting, his emotions seem to have been deeply stirred.

If we are to believe Mr. Gittings, the first version of the 'Bright Star' sonnet was written immediately after this meeting, and directly inspired by it. Three months later the lively lyric 'Hush, hush! tread softly', followed another meeting and led on to 'The Eve of St. Agnes', written on Isabella's suggestion. Mr. Gittings thinks it possible that Keats was drawing upon more than imagination in the erotic climax of the poem. But this is guess-work. The glimpses we have of her cool intelligence hardly suggest that the association was passionate on her side, however warm her feelings. That it was both emotionally and intellectually quickening to Keats and played a vital part in the creation of several of his greatest poems, Mr. Gittings has clearly proved.

But Isabella is only one of his discoveries. More important for enriching our understanding of how Keats' imagination worked are his explorations of the reading by which he refreshed his creative mind and upon which he drew in his poetry far more extensively and intimately than has been supposed. Of particular interest is the degree to which he is now shown to have gone to the language and worldly wise philosophy of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* as an escape from the tragic insight which life was teaching him. It is not only in books that Mr. Gittings has traced back some of Keats' imagery to its source. His account of what he owed to the local architecture and circumstances of his brief stay in Chichester and its neighbourhood early in 1819 makes a fascinating chapter. These discoveries in no way lessen the magic by which Keats turned what he absorbed to his own imaginative uses. But they justify Mr.

Gittings' main contention that Keats differs from other poets in his 'extraordinary sensitivity to the impression of the moment: if we are to understand his poetry we must regard it not as a lumber-room and store-house of what was past in his life, but as a sensitive plate reproducing what was present, an almost instantaneous development'.

Mr. Gittings has taken the sensitive plate into the dark room of his research and developed it slowly, so that we see the experiences of this hectic creative year in Keats' life as they take shape and are transformed into undying images. It is enthralling to look over his shoulder.

**The Dollar. By Roy Harrod.**

**Macmillan. 9s. 6d.**

The annual courses of lectures on American history, literature, and institutions arranged by the Sulgrave Manor Board under the endowment of Sir George Watson are given in alternate years by Englishmen and Americans of distinction. The four addresses delivered by Mr. Harrod last autumn were well designed to fulfil the terms of the appointment, and they add lustre to the series. If the dollar is not exactly an institution, the Federal Reserve Board has quickly attained to that status, and Mr. Harrod makes it the subject of his second lecture. He skilfully employs the historical approach to correct popular misconceptions concerning the origins of the 'dollar gap', and his book is in consequence a valuable contribution to the literature of international economic policy. The publishers have done well to bring it out before the opening of the Commonwealth economic discussions at Sydney.

The evolution of the United States dollar over a century and a half, and of the Federal Reserve System since the eve of the first world war are formidable subjects for any expert to handle in a single lecture apiece, and with Mr. Harrod they are interests of long standing. From his vast learning he has distilled a refreshing draught of freshly written history, which focuses the mind squarely on points of real significance for an understanding of current problems. It is salutary to remember that the dollar gap—the passive balance in the American trade accounts—has persisted for seventy-five years without causing our forebears to lose a single night's sleep. Mr. Harrod is always a provocative writer and it is easy to question his selection of topics and easier still to disagree with many of his judgments. Intricate analysis has always appealed to him, and when he discusses the silver dollar controversy he indulges in a little speculation about the theory of bimetalism. Whereas he represents the gold standard as having been saved in the 'nineties by the 'accident' of the cyanide invention which expanded gold production on the Rand, he might with at least equal conviction have persuaded us that the increased output was a direct consequence of the increase in the commodity value of gold owing to its adoption as the only standard. Whether or not the invention was autonomous in origin, the speed of its application was certainly induced by the change in real value of the product.

In the last two lectures Mr. Harrod follows the threads of his historical survey into matters of immediate policy. The first is the question of international action to curb inflation and, much more difficult, to avoid or mitigate the onset of world-wide depression. He appraises the suitability of the International Monetary Fund and the Bank for International Reconstruction and

Development, the joint outcome of the Bretton Woods talks, as instruments to supplement and buttress the systems of internal credit control in each collaborating country. Regrettably he concludes that a durable central banking organisation of world ambit is not yet in sight.

The second topic, the dollar gap, exhibits the author in his most stimulating, forthright, and provocative role. As an expedient to correct a chronic failure to achieve a viable balance of trade, devaluation is only justifiable if preceded by adequate internal measures to eradicate inflation. On this test the ill-timed and excessive British devaluation of 1949 stands condemned as 'one of the greatest follies in the whole troubled course of monetary history'. Continuing inflation at home precipitated a strong upward movement of sterling prices of British imports, set in train an upward spiral of internal prices and wages, and prevented the large expansion of exports which alone would have excused so excessive a devaluation of sterling. The increased volume and sterling value of exports to America yielded hardly any additional dollars: the gap remained. In consequence, seeing no hope of a revolutionary change in American tariff policy, Mr. Harrod is driven back to advocating a policy of discriminating restriction against dollar imports. Western Europe and this country must organise, throughout the non-dollar world, the restoration of a system of multi-lateral trade designed at once to economise and to win dollars.

That policy unfortunately involves a self-denying ordinance on the part of participating territories within the group, but outside Europe, to go on earning dollars with their exports but to be content with imports from Europe and this country, when they can get them, in order that Great Britain and western Europe may secure dollars which they have not directly earned. The Sydney talks may indicate how far some of them are prepared to play: for some of the rest the Colonial Office has to shoulder an unpleasant responsibility. Finally, Mr. Harrod argues valiantly that the United States should raise the dollar price of gold, one of the few international prices which has not risen since 1939. South Africa will applaud, and this country might hope for some incidental gain from the resultant prosperity in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, but what grounds exist for hoping that America will agree?

**The Faber Book of Children's Verse**

**Compiled by Janet Adam Smith.**

**Faber. 12s. 6d.**

It is fitting that the present anthology should be edited by the widow of Michael Roberts, whose *Faber Book of Modern Verse* appeared nearly twenty years ago. It is a safe guess that the latest 'Faber' was chosen for the children of that intelligent and discriminating editor. It is likely to be treasured by the children of any whose poetic taste was in part formed by the parent book.

Mrs. Roberts has had two principles in mind in making her choice: all the poems included have been enjoyed by children; and little need be regarded as too difficult which they can come to value later. She has been anxious, she tells us, that their mental attics shall be well stocked. On these principles anything—as the saying is—goes. Since the appearance of Messrs. Auden and Garrett's *The Poet's Tongue*, indeed, 'anything goes' has been increasingly the rule where children are concerned. Not long ago, for instance, a school anthology appeared containing



## Medieval Essays

By Christopher Dawson

"His twelve chapters on such themes as medieval science, theology, literature and much else, make a book which no student of the Middle Ages can afford to ignore."

GERALD BULLETT in a broadcast

"The essays, some old, some new, cover a wide field both in time—from Constantine to Langland—in space—from Syria to Ireland—and in subject—from mystical theology to feudalism, and from monasticism to the troubadours. Everywhere the same impression is given of learning and sane judgment."

DAVID KNOWLES (*Spectator*)

16/- net

**SHEED & WARD**

## WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

★

*In honour of his  
80th birthday:  
An Exhibition of  
MSS. and Books*

JAN. 27th—FEB. 2nd

THE  **TIMES BOOKSHOP**

WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1

## The Incredible Mizners

ALVA JOHNSTON

"As brilliant a piece of comic social history as I have ever read. Addison Mizner designed ancestral homes for American millionaires and built them in the florid swamps of Florida. . . . Wilson Mizner was a card-sharper, a ne'er-do-well, and died wise-cracking briskly." *DAILY EXPRESS*

"He tells their amazing story admirably . . . in the compact sardonic tradition of top-flight American journalism. He is particularly skilful in describing the barbarous frenzy of boom and ballyhoo that culminated in the great Florida real-estate racket of the 'twenties, in which the Mizners launched their supreme attack on the suckers."

*SUNDAY TIMES*

"Ferociously entertaining."

*SPECTATOR*

"One of the season's most hilarious and, strictly speaking, least edifying books, of which I have enjoyed every word."

*STANDARD*

"Brilliant and extremely funny."

*REVERBY*

Illustrated 12/6

### Old Men Forget

DUFF COOPER 21/-

### Seven Years in Tibet

HEINRICH HARRER 16/-

### A Blessed Girl

LADY EMILY LUTYENS 21/-

### Bandoola

J. H. WILLIAMS 15/-

Out next week:

**Tomorrow  
is Already  
Here**

BY ROBERT JUNGK

**RUPERT HART-DAVIS**

## The money saver...



## MULTIPLIX

MODERN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

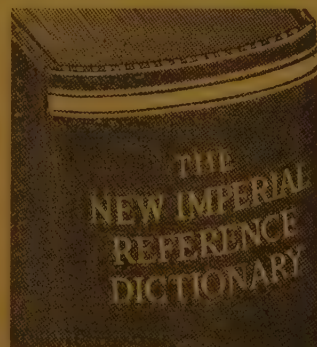
are the result of years of planning: a bookcase complete in itself yet capable of infinite extension and selling at rock-bottom price in the tax-free range. This new sectional system has been on the market only a year but booklovers have been quick to find that MULTIPLIX style, proportion, and simplicity of line 'mix' in any scheme. Of solid oak throughout, MULTIPLIX has the detailed craftsmanship associated with all Phoenix bookcases.

Ask now on a p.c. (or call, or phone TEM 0525) for details of the whole range.

**PHOENIX first for Bookcases**

Dept. G, THE PHOENIX GALLERY,  
38 William IV Street, London, W.C.2

Proprietors: Phoenix House Ltd.



Thumb Indexed  
for  
Instant Reference

- Overlapping Bevelled Binding protects pages
- Silk Head and Tail - Bands give added strength.
- Stained Top and Edges preserve pages from finger-marks.
- Decorative Spine in REAL GOLD

**FREE!**  
"A MANUAL OF  
GOOD ENGLISH"  
(value 10/6)

318 pages Presented to every purchaser of the Dictionary. For all who want to read, write and speak correctly.

12 Years to Compile—NOW READY

**YOURS  
FOR 7 DAYS'  
FREE  
EXAMINATION**

150,000 REFERENCES 1,504 PAGES  
21 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTIONS

Essential for

**HOME • SCHOOL • OFFICE**

HERE is your opportunity to examine, in your own home, this great new Reference Dictionary. It is absolutely up-to-date. Every word in our language has been carefully scrutinised, and the definitions re-drafted and revised where necessary in the light of modern usage. Full pronunciations are given. In addition to 150,000 references, there are 190 pages comprising 21 self-contained reference sections chosen for their all-round usefulness. It will be sent carriage paid for you to study at leisure. **POST COUPON TO-DAY!** No cost—No obligation.

To GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,  
66-69, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2

Please send me THE NEW IMPERIAL REFERENCE DICTIONARY. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days. If I keep it I will send a first payment of 10s. eight days after delivery, and 10s. monthly thereafter, until £3 7s. 6d. has been paid. Cash price within eight days is £3 3s.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....

SIGNATURE.....

HOUSEOWNER OR TENANT? (Strike out one)

or your Parent's signature if under 21 **DICT 111**

  
UNITED NATIONS  
EDUCATIONAL, SCIENTIFIC & CULTURAL  
ORGANISATION

## Television— A World Survey

A general comparative chapter entitled "The Structure of Television" precedes detailed reports on individual countries in Africa, North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Oceania which contain a wide range of information on all aspects of organisation and production of television services. Price 9s. 6d. (by post 9s. 11d.)

## Cultural Patterns and Technical Change

by Margaret Mead

Price 10s. 6d. (by post 10s. 11d.)

Obtainable in the United Kingdom from

**H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE**  
London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol, Belfast, or through any bookseller. Details of distributors in other countries available upon application to U.N.E.S.C.O., 19 Avenue Kleber, Paris 16c.



Mr. Henry Reed's 'Movement of Bodies', which first attracted attention in these pages.

The age-range for which this book is intended is eight to fourteen, and it must be said that Mrs. Roberts has aimed very much at the upper end of the range. She was right to aim high; it would be an insult to say that the note of condescension is altogether absent, were it not that there is so much condescension and archness nowadays in current attitudes to children. Her errors of judgment are errors in the right direction; for you can spoil a child for ever for poetry by condescension, but not by aiming too high. It will seem to some readers that the children for whom she selects are uncommonly sophisticated and literary; it is the poetic, rather than the ordinary, child who will get most from her collection. At a time when realism, often of the dreariest kind, is the keynote of most literature for children, Mrs. Roberts was right to stress the note of poetic magic that nurtures and stimulates the imagination. She begins with a section on 'Poetry, Music, and Dancing'. This contains Mr. Ransom's witty 'Survey of Literature', which most children will surely have to put away in the attic for a good many years to come.

Mrs. Roberts has found almost nothing worthy of inclusion which has been written expressly for children by any poet younger than Mr. de la Mare. Indeed, there is very little in the book expressly written for children. There is, for instance, nothing by Christina Rossetti, who was one of the first to write poems for the enjoyment of children, as distinct from their moral improvement. But this is a book for those who prefer what the grown-ups leave to the jellies and trifles expressly prepared for them. Certain poets, such as Mr. Blunden and Sir Henry Newbolt, might have been better represented. There is nothing by Vachel Lindsay. John Clare's 'Song's Eternity' is an exquisite poem which should surely be treasured for life; but 'Little Trotty Wagtail' and the even lovelier 'Clocker Clay' might have found a place beside it.

The poems are arranged according to subject-matter. This has the disadvantage of separating poems by the same poet; moreover, a chronological sequence would have made it possible for the child to build up the time-sense which adds so much in later life to poetic understanding.

Every anthology has its own indefinable flavour; the overall impression it leaves is the mark of its success or failure. Whatever incidental faults a reviewer may find with this one, its lasting effect is that of a selection made with regard only to the highest quality, with respect for children, and without personal affectation or prejudice. They will be fortunate parents who lose their children among these pages.

### Age and Youth. By Sir Ernest Barker. Oxford. 21s.

*Horas non numero nisi serenas*—if Sir Ernest Barker were a sundial, these words would certainly be inscribed upon his base. He seems to have enjoyed almost all the experiences of his long life, from his early days in the cottage under Werneth Low in Cheshire, through the excitements of Manchester Grammar School and Balliol, as teacher in Oxford, as Principal of King's College in London, as member of the Hadow Committee, as lecturer at Amherst College, as professor in Cambridge and finally in retirement; and more than that, to have enjoyed and liked almost everyone with whom he ever worked. His references to his colleagues, even those whom others found most difficult, are invariably kind and friendly, so much so, indeed, that in the first part especially, when he is writing about Oxford, the reader begins to wonder faintly, 'Did Sir Ernest never dislike anybody?' (But let the reader have patience and

read on—Sir Ernest emphatically did *not* like the Senate of the University of London.)

Such a temperament is bound to make many friends, and those friends will be delighted to read this volume of reminiscences so handsomely produced (and considering its length at so low a cost) by the Oxford Press. It appears in non-chronological order; the 100 pages describing his childhood and youth, up to the point when he became a Fellow of Merton, is at the end, not the beginning of the book, which opens—after a brief introduction—with 100 pages on living, teaching, and administering in Oxford, continues with two chapters on King's and Cambridge respectively, and a delightful forty-five pages called *Miscellanea* and *Valedictory*—after which we turn back to the cottage in the fells. It is not, the author tells us, an autobiography, but a conversation: he has found, in the Oxford Dictionary, a French word, *causeuse*, meaning a small sofa on which two people can sit and talk, and in this book he is sitting by the reader's side, telling him of his memories. 'Like the Ancient Mariner', he adds modestly—but how delightful an Ancient Mariner!

From such a *causerie*—gentle, a little repetitive upon occasion, but above all full of the flavour of one who has loved life—there is no space to quote in a brief review. One remembers the description of the 'mixed infants' classroom in the village school, of eating Welsh Rabbits with two students at Amherst, of the unmacadamised roads from Oxfordshire to Cheshire—but was there no dust on the roads then, Sir Ernest?—the sly meditation on why committees should be 'the delight and the last refuge of the aged?', the satisfaction of lighting a bonfire and keeping it going with the delight of 'a cloud of good, thick, stupefying smoke, and the smell of burning weeds', and the delicate and searching comparison made between the qualities of Oxford and of Cambridge which made one strongly-prejudiced reviewer feel that while Sir Ernest had come down on the right side in deciding to end his days in Cranmer Road looking up to Madingley Hill, he had made out quite a good case for those who prefer to live in Oxford. Finally, there is the calm evaluation of the changes in landscape and society which Sir Ernest has watched for nearly eighty years, and which have left him a liberal and a progressive who has not been frightened out of his wits by progress. A book, in short, which many of us would be very glad to have been able to write.

### La Fontaine. By Monica Sutherland. Cape. 12s. 6d.

*Maître Corbeau sur un arbre perché*. . . . Master Raven remains perched on the average English conception of La Fontaine, against a background memory of the more or less bleak atmosphere of a schoolroom. Readers who turn to Racine, Valéry, Molière, or Stendhal for pleasure or curiosity, rarely think of turning to La Fontaine. Yet he is one of the great wits of poetry. The *Fables* are as essential, and in their way as concentrated a contribution to world literature as the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld. La Fontaine, for those who know him, remains inimitable and irreplaceable. Taine, in a famous appraisal, found him the consummation of *l'esprit gaulois*. Wit is a plant that has only intermittently flourished in the forest of English poetry. It is too apt to be crushed out by other growths; and one might say that La Fontaine goes unappreciated here because we have no parallel for him. And yet, in more ways than one, he is curiously close to Chaucer.

No great writers have received less study in England than those of the Grand Siècle, and it is not surprising if this is the first English biography of La Fontaine. Nor is it surprising that

it neither adds nor claims to add anything essentially new to its subject. It is an introduction for English readers, affectionately and painstakingly written; naive at times in its treatment of background detail, as when it refers to the 'curious rebellions known as the First and Second Frondes', which is almost like saying 'those curious dissensions, the Wars of the Roses'. The life and character of La Fontaine offer an attractive, a lazily idyllic picture. He was a half-comic fable in his own lifetime, and he makes his own contribution to the poetic legend. A poet of the prosaic emotions, his life makes an odd parallel with that of the ultra-poetic Rilke. But while Rilke lived in other people's castles, La Fontaine was content with other people's hearths.

In his present biography he evokes the protective feelings which he knew how to profit by in his lifetime, and the result is a portrait in which kindness wins over penetration. We are offered a 'generous, open-hearted' La Fontaine. Frank and child-like he certainly was. Something of a cynic too. But did he ever give anything away, apart from copies of his poems? He had the character, the craft, and the charm of a domestic cat—which may explain why that animal figures so often and so superbly in his menagerie. While the present study is a conscientious summary of his life, it gives hardly more than the beginnings of an idea of the richness, subtlety, and variety of his poetry.

### Simone Weil As We Knew Her By J. B. Perrin and G. Thibon.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 16s.

There are fashions even in the cult of saints and Simone Weil has become, in Father Perrin's words, 'a star with all that the word implies of artificiality and adulteration'. There was nothing of which she, with her passion for self-effacement, had a greater horror. So she would have appreciated this book by two men who, for a short time, knew her well and loved her as she really and actually was. Father Perrin was the priest to whom she wrote the letters, included in *Waiting on God*, and confided her religious difficulties. M. Thibon was her host and friend when she was preparing herself for work in the vineyards of Ardèche and he has already given some personal impressions of her in his introduction to *Gravity and Grace*.

Both are devout Catholics who believe that only within the Roman Church is a 'total vision of the light' attainable and salvation to be found. Father Perrin, for example, questions whether true liberation from the self 'has ever been granted to a mortal being outside the Eucharistic communion'. But he has done his best not to allow this assumption to prejudice his consideration of the difficulties which prevented Simone Weil from becoming a Catholic. And on the whole he succeeds very well in exposing her intellectual faults while recognising her spiritual genius. That there was a conflict between her passionate love of truth and her attachment to her own ideas is as undeniable as that she attacked Catholicism with an imperfect knowledge of it. Yet her burning sincerity would have found, we think, Father Perrin's defence of it insufficient in some respects.

To a non-Catholic M. Thibon's more human and imaginative record of his friendship with her is the more interesting and penetrating. He, too, realised the intense conflict she endured. 'On the one hand there was a longing to absolute self-effacement, an unlimited opening to reality even under its harshest forms, and, on the other, a terrible self-will at the very heart of the self-stripping; the inflexible desire that this stripping should be her own work and should be accomplished in her own way'. He sums up her greatness and weakness in a chapter entitled





'Truvisca'—the shirt that's tailored by Luvisca Limited. It's amply cut in coat style—and so hard wearing: it's made from a Courtaulds' fabric, a blend of first-quality Egyptian cotton and high-tenacity rayon that's as handsome as it's strong. A tunic shirt with two 'Luvexe' collars—semi-stiff, perfect appearance, perfect comfort. Plain colours or stripes.



Old friends, these, and still the best pyjamas ever made—smooth, soft, roomy. Plenty of patterns to choose from, including plain colours. We needn't tell you how they wash and wear.



#### COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS

Long-lasting comfort, cut in coat style with semi-stiff 'Luvexe' collar. Choose from a wide range of colours—in a variety of patterned weaves.

LUVISCA Limited, Exeter

## The QUICKEST way

between two points is by

# CABLE

via Imperial

When the clock assumes the aspect of a guillotine and you must catch someone in Cairo before breakfast . . . or stop a lady boarding an Eastbound airliner . . . then it's nice to know that the quickest way between two points is BY CABLE. You can send a cable from any of Britain's 13,000 Postal Telegraph Offices.



Post Office Cable & Wireless Services



76

### THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

**FOYLES**  
FOR BOOKS

All new Books available on day of publication. Second-hand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over 3 million volumes.

Foyles Record Dept. for H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca and all other makes.

Big stock of Long-Playing Records.

Subscriptions taken for British, American and Continental Magazines.

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

119-125

**CHARING CROSS ROAD  
LONDON WC2**

Gerrard 3600 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (Thurs. 9-7)

Two minutes from Tottenham Court Road Station



## Will you be away for long?

If you are a customer of Lloyds Bank, arrangements can be made for you to draw money at the Bank's branches or from Agents throughout the British Isles.

When you are going abroad, the Manager of any branch can tell you

the amount of money which may be taken and furnish you with a Letter of Credit, Travellers' Cheques and foreign money. Lloyds Bank will gladly give you guidance on questions arising out of exchange control and, if you wish, obtain your passport for you.

Let **LLOYDS BANK**  
look after your interests



## A BOOK OF FINE PICTURES



New Edition  
268 pages, 200 in full colour

Handsomely bound (size 9½" x 7¼"), with over 300 faithful reproductions of the work of well-known artists.

The book is priced at 11/6 post and packing paid, and the prints illustrated in it are obtainable from all good print sellers or from the publishers.

**FROST & REED LTD**

61, CLARE STREET, BRISTOL 1

London Galleries:

41 NEW BOND STREET, W.1



'Vertigo of the Absolute' in which he suggests that the inner contradiction which eats into the heart of her work reflected an inability to reconcile the claims of the uncreated One with the relative actuality of the created world. Elsewhere he writes finely, 'Simone Weil's ego was not

dead: it was engaged in the process of committing suicide in a heroic tension which accentuated its forms and limitations'. Yet such criticisms are secondary to his profound appreciation of her spiritual genius, which flashed its light in the depths of mystery, of her

'absolutely transparent soul', and of her qualities, superficially unattractive, but at a deeper level most lovable, as a human being. Certainly this book is an excellent antidote either to hagiography or to partial judgment of one who was part saint, part Phoenix.'

## New Novels

**A Bed of Roses.** By William Sansom. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

**Two Ways to Love.** By Josephine Bell. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

**The Death of Kings.** By Charles Wertenbaker. Gollancz. 15s.

ORIGINALITY, either of theme or of treatment, is as unexpected as it is undesired by most readers of novels. The ideal microcosm of modern fiction seems to resemble an indoor skating-rink, whereon writers of Mr. Sansom's and Miss Bell's quality skim and dart with apparently effortless professionalism, combining ease, wit, precision, and suspense at exactly the right pace and for not a page more than the required time.

Mr. Sansom's *A Bed of Roses* and Miss Bell's *Two Ways to Love* make very pleasant reading and have a reassuring similarity. Both contain a villain-hero-charmer and both show the most important part of the action abroad. Mr. Sansom on a cruise and in Spain, Miss Bell in Paris. The final note struck in both books is one of resigned cynicism, the last gesture a despairing shrug of the shoulders, an implication of 'What else can you expect? Of such dolts and demons is human nature composed'.

It is curious that Mr. Sansom, whose colloquial, consciously inelegant style and sharp, hard clearness of outline contrast admirably with the brutal violence and rising pace of his story, should have taken for his title that of a similarly 'daring' novel by W. L. George, whose methods closely resemble his. Both writers stand back—sometimes a little too far back—from their characters; both are able to create a situation with a few economical sentences; both make it obvious that they have no concern with conventional values. That they should also have hit upon the same catch-phrase for a title and used it ironically is worth pointing out, if only as another sign of the limitations they have set themselves and of the group to which they belong.

Mr. Sansom's arrangement of his backgrounds and situations is so assured, so coolly, unobtrusively skilful that he sets a standard not fulfilled by his principal characters. Guy Harrowby, his sadistic heart-breaker, is of an ancient and distinguished literary family, descending in a direct line from Lovelace, Heathcliff, and Burgo Fitzgerald; he can claim kinship with Mr. Rochester and Mr. Darcy. It is permissible to compare Mr. Sansom's creation with these giant figures, because his grace and mastery give one the impression that there is nothing he could not do if he chose; so, while we accept his colourless, puppet heroine, we must deplore his failure to establish his hero's power over her. It is not enough to tell us that Guy charmed Louise before the story begins; we must be shown what it was in him that caused her subjugation. (Long before the first great climax of *Clarissa* is reached, we know, we feel, we shrink from the evil fascination of Lovelace, because we have watched his potentialities for good—his vitality, his humour, his courtliness—being sucked under during the early conflicts between him and his victim; unless these virtues had been first destroyed, his vices and cruelties would carry no weight, no horror.) Mr. Sansom shows us his Guy as a brute—with the result that he is at once a bore—in his opening scene, and

leaves it at that. This is to cheat both his readers and his own capabilities. One shuts the book with the feeling that the author was more interested in his backgrounds than in his personages; and then the conviction grows that *A Bed of Roses* is really two books—one of travel, seen and written from the outside, and one of inter-relations, less strongly felt, and described from within. And yet, so many and varied are the author's gifts of assessment and observation, that he can afford to squander them on a subsidiary character: here is a brilliant sketch of the 1950 *jeune fille à marier*:

Molly had been brought up in an ordinary modern middle-class manner, emancipated on careful strings. She had been no teen-age rouée. Her tastes were the normal nice ones of a kind of middle-class metropolitan girl. She liked ice-skating, Shakespeare and be-bop; she also liked gossip with the other girls over morning coffee in the High Street of the Manchester suburb where she and her parents lived. But these were the surfaces of Molly—deep currents had begun to course beneath, from an excited, fairly pure heart she was preparing to greet the world. . . .

Miss Bell, more ambitious and less dazzlingly carefree than Mr. Sansom, uses the difficult 'I' form for her story, dividing it between two women, both in love with the same man. These narrators are antithetical; but neither materialises, perhaps because they are so mastered by the hero—another moody, ironic destroyer—as partly to lose or merge their respective personalities. Here, the same strictures apply as in the case of Mr. Sansom. It is not enough to make one's 'fatal' spell-binder simply rude, give him a dirty collar, a ragged dressing-gown, and a thin patch on the top of his head: we must be shown what he had that enabled him to surmount these disadvantages. One girl responds when she sees 'disgust curling his upper lip': the other mourns his going off for a walk by himself and smelling of alcohol when he returns; a wise looker-on points out that his 'emotional needs are different from most men's'. Very well: we can believe all these things; but we cannot enjoy believing them—or, more simply, we cannot concern ourselves about the fate of either Miss Bell's or Mr. Sansom's characters—unless the aspects of the hero that originally entranced his victims are inescapably thrust upon us. It is, partly, the lack of interdependence of the heroes and heroines in both these novels that weakens them. (If Jane Eyre had not helped Mr. Rochester on to his horse when he sprained his ankle, his subsequent *de haut en bas* attitude towards her would have had that much less dramatic value.) The 'meagre heart' of Miss Bell's Mark is, of course, meant to repel and disappoint; but in that case his mind and his body should combine to produce a personality, a force, even a type; the merest dummy—well mechanised, as in the case of Miss du Maurier's Maxim de Winter—is better than a ghost.

To turn from the light ironies and sub-acid suggestions of these two English novelists to the sweeping gestures and tireless oratory of Mr. Wertenbaker's *The Death of Kings* is to

find oneself a little overcome. The American author takes the world for his stage. His troupe of thinkers (journalists, naturally) bounds forward, each a live wire; their heads are clustered round the mike; very soon we shall be able to tell which is which. But as they draw apart they are lost in a scurry of principles, ambitions, and changes of heart. The alcoves are spot-lit: the backcloths, labelled New York, London, Paris, Algiers, etc., loom momentarily and dimly, like acetylene lamps in a fog. From time to time a slogan, an aphorism, or an appeal comes to us over the loud-speaker; then chaos and old night resume their sway in a confusion of amplified sound. As thus:

Every man has his time of glory, his time of dreams, his time when hope is untarnished, and . . . if he can find this time, and his place in it, and can measure the present condition against its vision, then . . . he will know much of the meaning of life. . . .

Then the personal angle:

He had also observed with admiration that her pectoral development, which he had previously examined through glasses, was not diminished offstage.

But in total war the passions must sometimes be shelved:

It was not Joel Abel to whom privilege was given, but the representative of a powerful Press. . . . That was why Mr. Eden took time out to lunch with him, why Lady Colfax [*sic*] had him to dinner. . . .

Finally, the message:

Everywhere he had been in Europe, except only in Germany, he had seen the glory in which the idea of America was held. . . . Europe was like a willing and experienced mistress, with wisdom to impart in exchange for a share of America's vitality.

And after some 450 pages, the mating call:

If you'll sit down a minute, I'd like to talk about one of the principles of the American Revolution.

Why, certainly, Mr. Wertenbaker. Reviewers, like European mistresses, are trained to love the highest when they see it. And what higher subject can there be than Globo-Political Motivation, with interludes for Pectoralism?

Those who want light entertainment will prefer Mr. Sansom's and Miss Bell's books to Mr. Wertenbaker's; yet, although the least readable, his novel is the most interesting of the three, if only because it throws a momentary and wavering light on problems constantly discussed by those who know nothing about them. For instance—can this author's point of view about (a) the English, and (b) communism be identified with that of any section of the American public? Clearly, he thinks it can. If he is right, then it is worth reading, although it should never have been cast in the novel form; but those who like idealistic disquisitions with an intimate flavour will place it above the other two on their lists.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Challenging Perspectives

FORTUNATELY for me, Jupiter was more brilliant in rehearsal than on the appointed night, which was that of THE LISTENER'S grand twenty-fifth birthday party. I expect that I was not alone in thinking that the appearance of the planet's quivering image on our screens was the television event of the week, though one or two programme 'stars' obviously could not have agreed less. They might be reminded that Jupiter is considered to be a sun which has ceased to shine by its own light. The condition is not unknown in the constellations of talent on which television depends. Hence the vogue for 'imitations', which the B.B.C. has encouraged to a point at which it has become a public bore. Something ought to be done about 'imitations', surely a retrogressive human activity except at the hands of the always few masters.

Bracketed with the information that television is to help in under-water investigations of the wreckage of last week's Comet tragedy, the Jupiter transmission suggests that we viewers may yet be well ahead of the heroes of the strips and boys' serials in 'getting there'. Two women viewers looking at Jupiter on my set did not like the programme. They said it made them dizzy. The artist with us wondered if it was 'quite worth the trouble'. I thought it a beautiful, poetic sight and remembered that Galileo had found Jupiter's satellites and had some difficulty in persuading anyone to believe him. Galactic gems on the night's black breast, they lay across our screens in an awesome demonstration of immutable order. Those viewers whose imaginations were confused as well as humbled by the sidereal solemnities will find composure in Psalm 46.

Television has been challenging our perspectives somewhat extravagantly. There was the moment when Jupiter and its satellites receded

into a misty infinity suggesting that we were looking at lowly forms of life on a microscope slide. Another programme, 'It's a Small World', showed the power of the newest television camera lenses to bring minute terrestrial objects into nose-tip focus. Some of the exhibitionism of the panel games was offset by Bertrand Flornoy's remarkable film from South America in which for once we saw human heads in the process of shrinking. Peter Scott, releasing a homing duck into the hazards of the London night, took us off with a sweep of his drawing chalk to the sub-



'It's a Small World': a programme about jewellery, on January 14

Arctic point at which the path of migratory geese crosses that of small birds. The new-style weather charts make us partners in a hemispheric detective enterprise.

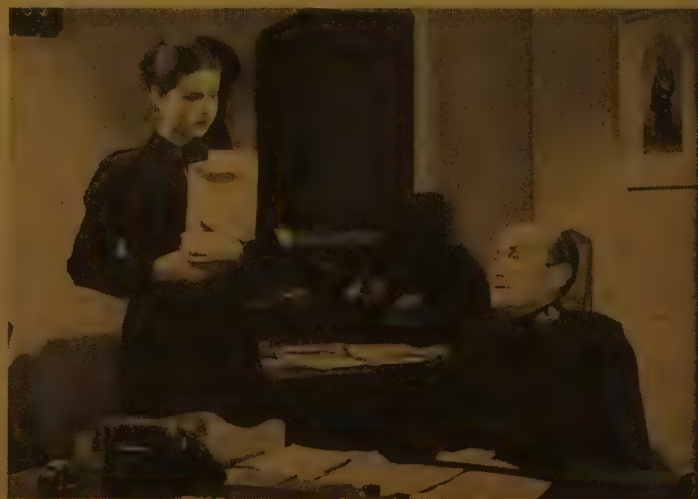
As you may recall, there has been representation here from time to time of the point of view that the weather charts, old style, were a source of tedium for many viewers. The new way of presenting them seems to be not simply an improvement but a success. The official weather people have found their man. I have not so far

caught his name, if it has been announced or published, but that he is listened to with more attention than the duty announcers were when they read the charts I have no doubt. The jargon of the trade is apparently indispensable; officiousness has gone. 'There is snow tonight in one place—and where do you think it is? Right over the Kremlin!' Myself, I could hardly forbear to cheer.

With the documentary 'Missing from Home' programme we were reminded that the main business of life is here and not in the outer spaces where, judging by some contemporary manifestations, many people wish to be. The title presumably explains itself to those who chanced not to see it; a good strong subject, they might reasonably suppose. The trouble was that Robert Barr, the producer, did not succeed in giving that impression. Under his hand it proved to be thin stuff, despite the sincere and entirely helpful character contributions of his cast and of Helena Pickard and Mary Law in particular. It will be fair also to include the script-writer, Arthur Swinson, who deserved a less commonplace production. The point was made, certainly, that people who slip off without telling often complicate the lives of others by doing so and cause a lot of bother all round. Also, that the Salvation Army is untiring and unselfish in its labours on their behalf.

Then there was 'Special Enquiry' into the problems of our ageing population. Here we were confronted by experts, not by acted versions of them as in 'Missing from Home'. The programme left us with something more than a blurred impression of a social situation. It gave us facts that stick in the mind. Not that I thought this one the best in the series by any means. But it had its own level of competence and held doggedly to it, despite the not always intelligible speech of its roving reporter, Jameson Clark.

On the subject of televised religion I have had a quotable letter from a reader of THE LISTENER, Mr. J. M. Harries, of Norbury. He says:



Scene from 'Missing from Home', a documentary programme on January 11, with Ann Dow as Mary and Noel Howlett as the 'Brigadier'. Left: 'Special Enquiry: As Old As You Feel', on January 15, with (left to right, seated) Mr. J. Carthy, aged seventy-two, and Mr. H. Page, aged seventy-five, assembling eye-drop fillers with Mr. W. Volck, aged eighty-one





Googie Withers as Hester Collyer and Kenneth More as Freddie Page in 'The Deep Blue Sea' on January 17

'The B.B.C. has achieved great prestige for its handling of the formal, successful, church service. But it would be brave—that is the right word—once in a while, to take the cameras not to the decorous, architectural service, but to one of those amorphous pulpits at a windy street corner in, say, Kentish Town, where a Salvation Army meeting is taking place. Those rather sad women, who take the collections in the pubs, who never force you to take the copy of *War Cry* which you have just paid for, deserve an occasional crack of the whip. I once found myself, during the war, stranded in a seaport after a wretched voyage and by chance attending one of their meetings. I cannot forget the way they looked after me or their consuming gentleness. They were happy and they "had a clue". If I was not "saved", at least my sensibilities were enlarged'.

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### People and Puppets

NOWADAYS a play which has been a popular success in the West End has to undergo an intermediate state before its final translation to the everlasting condition of moviedom—the limbo of television. Or perhaps one should say purgatory, for the home screen does represent the most soul-searching test of its challenge. If a play can pass this intact as truly moving then indeed it deserves the immortality of celluloid. I have to report that on Sunday Mr. Terence Rattigan's 'The Deep Blue Sea' passed with supreme confidence; anyone who is inclined to doubt may examine the piece tonight at seven when it is being repeated. The producer, Mr. Julian Amyes, aided by several members of the original cast, has given a new lease of acted life to this flawless example of theatrical writing. How slow and contrived other modern emotional melodramas, even Mr. Maugham's noble 'Caesar's Wife', must seem by comparison!

What, if anything, was actually gained on television by this contemporary play? To be

sure, new facets everywhere, especially of the two main characters—Hester superbly played by Googie Withers, and Freddie done with a seemingly instinctive naturalness by Kenneth More. Both were sharper, slyer, richer than they have been hitherto. Miss Withers' striking, almost Buddha-like aspect reveals beneath the cameras subtle depths that even the front row of the stalls would miss. Whereas the husband (Robert Harris) and the lover each put forward an intransigent front, she as the protagonist gives a most exquisitely modulated rendering of moral collapse, registering by a succession of glances, anger turning to panic, panic to shame, shame to hope, and hope back again to panic. Miss Withers' facial movements in the telephone conversation in the last act when she tries to lure Freddie back from the night-club to the flat could indeed be preserved on film as a *locus classicus* of television acting. After this, Peter Illing as the stoical doctor most convincingly brought the tricky 'moral' out for the recovery at the end.

'The Dashing White Sergeant' must, by contrast, after its purgatorial test be confined at once to the shades since it lacked a heart. The



'The Dashing White Sergeant' on January 12; with (left to right) Janette Scott as Fiona Cuninghame, Maurice Colbourne as Robert Cuninghame, and Marjorie Fielding as Mrs. Lang

hinted conflict in the mind of the young girl who returns home from the States, between American sophistication and Scottish orthodoxy, which would have been a good theme, does not tell theatrically at all. Janette Scott's gracefully assured performance as the heroine was, though, almost worth staying in for. One hopes to see her soon in a more rewarding role.

Among the Variety turns of the week that enchanting American singer, Rosemary Clooney, briefly outshone the planet Jupiter which happened to precede her, while Bonar Colleano's crowded knock-about show, 'Happy Go Crazy', made a perfect lead in to the wild geese.

'Puppets? I think not' was, you may remember, your regular critic's terse summing-up. Already that situation has changed: last week I watched, among other scenes just as incredible, the Piccoli Theatre's famous *maestro* giving a recital. Fulsomely he entered and bowed; gravely he seated himself, pulling out the tails of his coat from underneath him; next he bent over the pages of the music; then a confident chafing of the hands, a pause, and he began; and from there, playing meticulously in time to the music, there wasn't one misplaced gesture. It was the most brilliantly malicious parody of a concert pianist's approach and *panache* that one has ever seen. The secret? This, in my view, is not

to be unravelled in terms of string as the innumerable text books in the public libraries would have us believe. Here is a more profound analysis from a fascinating nineteenth-century work, Charles Magnin's *Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe*. Puppets are 'a parody of human life, a grotesque antithesis of two exaggerations; one shrinks to excess the proportions of the species, and the other magnifies excessively the defects of the individual'. And does not this pierce to the heart of the technique of television itself?

Anyway, puppets have been pulled into their own on the screen this week which, in addition to Dr. Podrecca's intricate marionettes, has seen the inauguration at last of television's own Puppet Theatre. Also one must not overlook Muffin the Mule and the other Hogarth puppets which have for so long on the piano top enthralled 'the kiddies'. It was perhaps unfortunate that the first performance in the new theatre should have come so soon after we had watched the marvels of Dr. Podrecca's art. One could, surely, hardly help comparing, and none of the qualities of mobility, of observation and of style that make the Italian puppets so worth seeing by adults is yet present in the new television ones. Still, they certainly managed to get the rambling Irish fairy story of Pat, the cobbler, and the little men across to some rapt younger viewers of my acquaintance. One awaits with expectation the next attempt to use this promising new toy.

ANTHONY CURTIS

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### All Very Odd

YES; IT IS HELEN, heaven-born Helen, the launcher of the thousand ships. Yet how can it be? We can understand why Menelaus is troubled. Here he is, homeward-bound from Troy, with the war won and (apparently) Helen restored; and here in Egypt, where he has been shipwrecked, is Helen herself, his true wife who has



'Madame Sinforosa Strangoloni', one of the Italian marionettes televised from the Prince's Theatre, London, on January 10





*Why can't you remember  
where you put things, Angela?*

In the tool bag at the back of the cycle, or on the shelf in the garage, there is (or should be) a narrow little box for mending punctures. It contains a tube of rubber solution. Albright & Wilson's part in this is to provide the carbon tetrachloride which is often used as the non-inflammable rubber solvent. Carbon tetrachloride has other useful functions. It dry-cleans your clothes. It extinguishes fires. It cures liver fluke in sheep. It is one example, from among many, of the way chemicals by Albright & Wilson serve industry and the general public.



*Chemicals for Industry*

**ALBRIGHT & WILSON**

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W.1

TBW:50



never been to Troy at all: the armies have fought for a phantom, and Menelaus' head spins. What have the gods done now? 'Helen' (Third) is that unexpected thing, a romantic comedy by Euripides in which the dramatist was resolved for once not to let pain and anguish wring the brow. Certainly, Raymond Raikes, in producing Philip Vellacott's version, kept our spirits up.

Not that the play is entirely an Euripidean jest. Its lyrics shine. Such words linger as 'Where the cranes in ordered flight shun the wintry rainstorm'. But other memories of this revival are some distance from the Pleiads and the dancing dolphins. The rumbled drawl, for example, in which Sonia Dresdel's Helen said 'What do you mean?'; the way in which Howard Marion-Crawford's obtuse Menelaus would toss off the obvious with an air (was he on the edge of observing 'Thanks awfully' to the Egyptian despot?); and the moment when Heron Carvic, who had adopted a singular accent as Theoclymenus, replied agreeably, 'Yes, do!' to the Messenger's 'I will tell you all that passed after we left the palace'. Much of the acting had a beguiling holiday spirit.

Very odd! so, too, is 'Jenny Villiers' (Home), that under-praised Priestley venture into a haunted green-room. It is both an argument for the theatre and, in its fashion, another time-theory play. The year 1846 (and its gentle shade of Jenny Villiers, the lost Viola) meets the year 1946, with the best results. There is a certain amount of 'pumping folk' comedy in the Crummles-Telfer style; but the play lives upon its wistful tenderness. Peggy Bryan could summon Jenny's wraith (and speak 'Make me a willow cabin' with a grave beauty); Heron Carvic—far now from Euripides—easily expressed the haunted dramatist. Hugh Stewart, in bringing the Burton Spa company, from the past, could give just the needed *frisson*. And, early in the play, the speeches at the civic welcome were (in quite another sense) uncannily veracious. The previous Saturday night's play, 'A Shilling for Candles' (Home), was not so veracious, less the fault of cast or producer than of a script that was both complicated and dull. Gordon Davies was properly direct as 'Josephine Tey's' Inspector Grant—he had a better problem to solve in the matter of Richard III—Mary Wimbush brought off a lacerating scream, and I liked Patricia McCarron's under-eighteen assurance as the kind of daughter no Chief Constable can afford to have. Very odd.

Some of the acting in 'The Mask and the Face' (Home) appeared to be hard work, pumped-up comedy. Still, there could be no complaints about either Anthony Jacobs, in high flourish as the flamboyant Count, a domestic dictator who has sworn to kill a faithless wife, or about Avice Landone, with that rippled voice of hers, as the wife whom the dictator has sent secretly away. She comes back with something of the effect of the once-famous castle spectre, Evelina. (Even Miss Landone's 'Thank you' has a quality of its own.) Luigi Chiarelli's play, in a version without several of the adornments we have been used to in the theatre, is wittily satirical. Often, on the air, it needed livelier speaking. Although there was liveliness enough in the performance of 'The Strange Lover', Lance Sieveking's version of Lord Dunsany's 'magical comedy' (Light), the play remained obstinately flat. One's only pleasure in this odd business of the Professor Mefisto who created the mechanical lover, was to listen to Robert Farquharson's biting voice—he seems to leave his teeth-marks on every word—and the airy-flutter tones of Harold Scott as the kind of father doomed to yield to any three-card trick.

I heard a useful first instalment of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' (Home); R. J. B. Sellar has leapt, wisely, into the middle of things and the serial will grow in power. 'Poema de Mio Cid'

(Third) has great romantic dignity and the blaze of the proper name. A feature, 'The Way to the Island' (Third), played learnedly and agreeably about the Robinson Crusoe tale—and certain voyages that 'fertilised literature'—though, in the matter of Crusoes, my heart remains with 'Robinson', the Supervielle fantasy that Patric Dickinson translated so well. Last, in 'Take It From Here' (Light), the Glums 'faced up constructively to life's problems', various people had a 'big think' on education, matrimony, and the cost of living, and Dick Bentley, as a high-wayman, observed to the lady in the coach, 'I'm not holding you up, am I?' I am not at all sure that Sir Harold Nicolson would have enjoyed this. But, if odd, it was also funny.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Poets and Poetry

'HAPPY IS HE', wrote Virgil, 'who has come to know the causes of things', and most of us still make constant use of the thinking child's first word 'Why?'. To many of our 'whys' there is no known answer and I can think of none to the question why, at this bleak moment of the year, does a sudden flood of poetry gush from our radio sets. Is the welcome occurrence explainable? Deliberate planning by the programme builders? I doubt it. Unconscious planning—the influence of some unperceived agency on them? Who can say?

Whatever the reason, four programmes dealing with poets and poetry were distributed along last week's listening. On Sunday Patric Dickinson's 'Time for Verse' was devoted to Keats. This was, so to say, a poetry primer, by which I mean that the poems chosen and the prose quotations in the brief commentary were all perfectly familiar to those of us who know our English classics, and so I take it that the programme was intended for those listeners for whom our poetry is still an engrossing novelty. So far from introducing or recalling the less familiar poems, Mr. Dickinson deliberately chose chestnuts—the poems which many of us have known almost by heart from our youth up. Keats' chestnuts are also, as it happens, his finest poems, and there could have been no better introduction or stimulus to closer acquaintance than this programme. But for one at least of the older stagers a broadcast of these poems has its dangers. Unless they are read faultlessly he would rather read them silently to himself. Stephen Murray, often a fine reader, did not, to my picky taste, quite come up to scratch, and for my usual reason—he tended to over-emotionalise them.

The next of these programmes, also Mr. Dickinson's, was 'The Frontier of Darkness', a study of A. E. Housman which filled an hour. This is, I think, the best of all such studies that he has given us. Housman's enigmatic personality was admirably presented and the poems were read with a restraint which gave full scope to their pathos. It held me absorbed from start to finish. The other two of these programmes came later in the week. Earlier, Julian Duguid began a series of six, called 'Ten Weeks in Brazil', with a brilliant talk on the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro and the various character of its inhabitants, presented with his usual vividness and precision. It will be a series well worth following, and so will Antony Hopkins' new series 'Talking about Music', the first talk of which, called 'Louder and Faster', described with a lively blend of learning and humour the emergence of the modern grand piano from its forefathers the harpsichord and the forte-piano. Remarkably good listening, too, is provided by Tom Hopkinson's 'Riverside Borough' in which, in a series of broadcasts, he is eliciting the recent history of Bermondsey by questioning

typical members of its population and recording their replies.

To return to poetry—there were two programmes on Friday. The first, on the Home Service, opened a new series—Patric Dickinson again—called 'By Heart: Poems We All Remember'—consisting of fifteen minutes of reading with a brief commentary. This first instalment gave Gray's 'Elegy' and 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College'. For many of us the 'Elegy', which stamped its appeal indelibly on our youthful hearts, entailed the same risk as the Keats readings. But William Devlin's reading of the 'Elegy' was, I thought, almost perfect, a beautiful performance which could have been enhanced only by a less austere, more indulgent phrasing of some of the most memorable lines.

Finally came G. S. Fraser's 'New Poetry' on the Third Programme, half an hour of readings from recently published volumes by Walter de la Mare, Richard Eberhart, Ewart Milne, Leonard Clark, Roy Lyle, Michael Burn, and Arthur Boyars, excellently read by John Glen and Denis McCarthy. Mr. Fraser's brief introduction to each reading gave just the right tip to enable me to follow without difficulty the many poems that were new to me. I find many programmes of unfamiliar poetry a labour which is not always rewarding, but this one gave me considerable pleasure and an urge to know more of the work of these poets.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### 'From the table of my memory . . .'

IT WAS UNKIND OF *Radio Times* to revive with a picture, dim though it was, one's memory of the 'Coq d'Or' of forty years ago at Drury Lane. Not that, in any case, one's memory was as dim as the photograph. No one who underwent the impact of the blazing splendours of that last season before the lights went out, can ever forget it. Here was an entirely new world of music, a new conception of operatic production, a new style of acting in an age still dominated by Melba and Caruso, in whom the histrionic art was subservient to style in singing. No comparable impact has been experienced by the generations of young people since that time, though they have benefited all the while, in opera and ballet, in drama and even in pantomimes on ice, from the novel ideas introduced by Diaghilev.

I had made a vow that in writing about the new production of 'Le Coq d'Or', I would not adopt the old fogey attitude: 'Ah! my boy, you should have seen Karsavina, Bolm, and Cecchetti, heard Dobrovolska, Petrov, and Alchevsky'. But there was the photograph to bring all these memories flooding back. The real point is whether one uses memory as a standard by which to measure the new production, or as a mere peg to hang a grouse on. If the Covent Garden production did not, at all points, come up to the standard set by memory, it certainly gave no occasion for headshaking. The spectacle, less brilliant than that presented by Gontcharova's *décor*, yet showed a notable range of fantastic imagination in the designer, Loudon Sainthill.

Heard on the wireless, the performance was musically more satisfactory than it sounded from a seat at the back of the stalls. Mattiwilda Dobbs' voice has not the carrying power, especially in the middle and lower part of it, to fill the large auditorium. But, as we heard in the broadcast, her singing is wonderfully true, and she managed that immensely long and difficult scene in the second act, where she pours out roudades and trills, and climbs up high into the leger-lines for about twenty minutes on end, with really magnificent bravura. If only she could get a harder edge into her voice, without making it shrill, it would be perfect. Hugues Cuenod, too, has the real high tenor voice, not quite as piercing as



# Why do we do it?

IT MAY PUZZLE SOME READERS of these advertisements to know why — since mass circulation is not the aim of the Manchester Guardian — we advertise at all. Here are our reasons.

Truly, we do not seek the millions — nor they us. The Manchester Guardian is for the relatively few, the influential 'thinking minority'. But not all of that minority is yet fully aware of the Manchester Guardian and of how much it offers them.

We believe that there is still a considerable number of men and women who would really appreciate the Manchester Guardian but who — because habit is so hard to break — continue with a newspaper which does not really satisfy them. These are the new readers whom we should like to enlist.

To gain such extra readers would be an obvious help to the Manchester Guardian. Equally the Manchester Guardian would be a help to these readers. Here then is a marriage of mutual interests which your newsagent will be happy to arrange.

*If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to:  
The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.*



Whatever the pleasure  
Player's complete it



[NCC 837G]

*Player's  
Please*

It's the tobacco that counts

## SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

**2½%** per annum

*Income Tax paid by the Society*

**Equal to £4.10.10 per cent to investors  
subject to income tax at the standard rate**

The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

**Total Assets £153,974,000**

**ABBAY NATIONAL**  
BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBAY HOUSE, BAKER ST., LONDON, N.W.1

*For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory*





Alchevsky's was, for the Astrologer. He sang the higher version of the part which goes up to D in alt quite comfortably. As the stupid King Dodon, Howell Glynne needed to sharpen the edge of the satire; he was too content with being the comic old buffer. As the crowing cock Arda Mandikian was effectively shrill in the broadcast, but in the theatre her voice was lost in the wings. Igor Markevitch, conducting, seemed to feel the need for tempering the orchestra to the voices on the stage; so the brilliance of the score was a little dimmed. And he did not always give full shape to the melodies.

Earlier in the week we had a performance of 'Linda di Chamounix', which is full of charming music admirably sung, especially by Margherita Carosio as Linda. The story is conventional,

including the usual scene where the heroine goes mad in white satin, but it is so delightfully handled that it made first-rate entertainment.

But I must hurry from Italy across the Gulf of Lyons to Barcelona, whence has come, in 'The Heritage of Spain', some really lovely singing of beautiful old music by the choir of Montserrat and an amateur vocal quartet accompanied by the strangest assortment of old instruments you could imagine. The first programme of religious music, going back to medieval times, was unexpectedly lovely—unexpectedly because other such programmes had led one to expect a rather droning monotony. But the boys of Montserrat sang with such pure, sweet tone, quite devoid of the nasal quality one feared, that the music, itself on the level of the

best medieval art, sounded enchanting. The secular programme given last Saturday was equally successful. Some of the instrumental music sounded curious rather than beautiful, but nothing lasted too long. One song, Ponce's 'Alegria', bore a faint resemblance to Dowland's 'Fine knacks for ladies', heard on Friday in a programme of his solo songs, in which Margaret Field-Hyde distinguished herself.

For some reason unexplained the chief orchestral novelty of the week, Robert Simpson's First Symphony, was withdrawn from performance. So we had forty winks with Brahms at his most genial instead. It was good to find Helen Pyke back at the piano after a long illness, with Maurice Cole as her admirable partner in duets by Schubert.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Giuseppe Torelli: An Early Composer of Concertos

By BASIL LAM

Violin concertos by Torelli will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Wednesday, January 27, and 7.30 p.m. the following day (both Third)

IN recent years our attitude to the history of music has changed more radically than is commonly recognised. A generation ago even such a profound musician as Tovey could maintain that the development of music was a process in which the great masters were selected by the infallible operations of time, leaving in deserved oblivion vast quantities of inferior work by indisputably inferior composers. This Carlylean view of history as a sequence of great names (The Hero as Composer) has imperceptibly yielded to a spirit of revivalism which at its present level of intensity will before long have disturbed the dust on almost every manuscript of the pre-Bach era. The editing and performance of minor Baroque music in particular have become an important light industry.

One valuable result of this change has been the growth of genuine standards of musical worth based on experience rather than superstition. For example, connoisseurs who respond with well-drilled enthusiasm to the name of Palestrina are liable to be tricked into admiring de Monte, sometimes distinguishable from his revered contemporary only by extensive scholarship and a copy of the work in question; again, few musicians would reliably attribute to their owners a group of concertos by contemporaries of Bach and Handel. Equally humiliating results are said to attend the pronouncements of connoisseurs in wine when deprived of the labels on the bottles they are judging.

During the nineteenth century Torelli was remembered merely as the alleged inventor of the concerto, just as Monteverdi survived not as a great master, but as the man who thought of the diminished seventh. Such claims to immortality are futile. Music is not advanced by the devising of ingenious gadgets as though it were a branch of engineering, and its forms and vocabulary have evolved no less logically and naturally than have the developments of science or architecture.

From this point of view it is evident that the concerto was bound to appear, granted two premises: the perfecting of the violin and the emergence of continuo harmony. That the latter was essential to the concertante style is evident from the fact that the violin, though developed to considerable perfection before the last quarter of the sixteenth century (Gasparo da Salò was making excellent violins c. 1560), seems to have found only *ad hoc* uses until the first trios by Salomono Rossi and the first solos by Fontana were composed early in the seventeenth century. In the light of these historical considerations it is surprising that the concerto appeared as late as it did, for the concerto grosso is, after all, merely a

combination of the trio sonata with the string orchestra which was commonly used by opera composers many years before Torelli and others of the Bologna school established the favourite form of the so-called 'late Baroque'.

Giuseppe Torelli was a Veronese, but his life was centred on Bologna, famed as the school of violinists, and by his middle-thirties he was prominent in the Accademia Filarmonica, the members of which, we are told, could all compose and play on various instruments. Works to be performed at their meetings were first analysed in a speech from the platform, and it may be surmised that Torelli found in this atmosphere of intellectual enthusiasm the stimulus to develop his own ideas. His first publication, a set of trio-sonatas, was orthodox enough and it was in his Op. 6, the 'Concerti musicali', that the concerto grosso was first presented to the world, though Stradella had already written, but not published, some sinfonias in which a concertino was indicated in contrast with the full strings.

The fact is that the concerto was 'in the air' during the latter part of the seventeenth century and it is of merely academic interest to establish priority between Torelli, Jacchini, Albinoni, and Corelli, whose Op. 6, the most famous of these sets of concertos, although published as late as 1713, had been heard in Rome in 1682, according to the account of the elder Muffat, one of Corelli's pupils.

Whatever the order of precedence, the idea of the concerto was sufficiently novel to prompt Torelli to explain in his preface to the 'Concerti musicali' that passages marked *solo* were to be played by a single instrument. Actually the solos in these works are neither elaborate nor extensive, and Torelli's real claim to revival must depend not upon dubious grounds of innovation, but on the musical content of his Op. 8, published in 1708, a year after his death, under the title 'Concerti grossi con una pastorale per il Santissimo Natale'.

In fact, only the first six are concerti grossi with important parts for the two violins, the remaining works being concertos for a single violin; it is in these that Torelli's bold genius established the formal methods of Vivaldi and, consequently, of Bach, who could, however, equally well have derived the form and style of his violin concertos from his favourite Albinoni who disputes with Torelli the claim to primacy in the field of the violin concerto. The ritornello principle is of course found in the aria of mid-seventeenth-century opera and its adoption by instrumental composers was inevitable once the

violin had demonstrated its ability to hold the stage as an individual. Torelli merely seized on an obvious possibility, but he made it convincing by energy of mind, a quality in which he seems to have excelled the more mellifluous Corelli, whose retiring and amiable disposition, testified by familiar anecdotes, presumably discouraged him from attempting the solo concerto.

Already in the *tutti* themes of Torelli's concertos, notably those in D minor and C minor, we find the tense energetic rhythms characteristic of Vivaldi and of Bach who almost certainly knew Torelli's work, if not at first hand then through the organ transcriptions made by Walther. In these *allegros* Torelli can face comparison with greater things; for instance, the finale of Bach's Concerto in E is not really superior to the earlier composer at his best; it is only when we think of Bach's slow movements that it becomes impossible to ignore the gulf between music's permanent statements and the worthy efforts of those who have to be revived by the knowledge and enthusiasm of modern performers.

Nevertheless, Torelli's first movements, and to a lesser extent his finales, bear the mark of a powerful mind and his rhythmic vigour far exceeds that of Corelli and evidently inspired Vivaldi on the occasions when inspiration visited that prolific master. For the solo violin Torelli writes both lyrical episodes and passage work which we call typical only because he made it so. His lyrical vein is less evident in slow movements, and some deficiency in this respect is shown by his use, especially in the earlier concertos, of mere *adagio* or *largo* interludes between the *allegros*. Possibly the ordeal of *viva-voce* exposition at the Bologna Musical Association encouraged him to concentrate on the more objective and intellectual aspects of style.

It is not easy, after two and a half centuries, to form any personal impression of a forgotten composer, but Torelli comes vividly before us in a letter written from Vienna in which he says: 'If it please God, I shall quit Vienna and return to Bologna, first visiting Loreto to fulfil a vow, and then, during the summer, taking the waters at San Marino, as this has been prescribed by the physicians as the best remedy for my accursed hypochondria and melancholy'. It is too often forgotten that the music of this period, now enjoying such remarkable popularity, was the expression of artists whose capacity for feeling and experience was at least not inferior to our own, and we wrong them if we treat their work merely as an escape into a fictitious world of passionless logic and abstract order.



## The Policy for Children

£12 a year invested for a child, if the investment is begun within two months of birth, will provide

at age 18

£92 p.a. for 3 years or

at age 21

£323 down, or a life policy for £1,044 with profits, or

at age 25

£399 down, or a life policy for £1,086 with profits

Ask for details for a boy or girl of any age up to 16

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

## Triplex

For Delicious Cooking  
Easier Living  
Greater Comfort  
and Smaller Bills!

What a world of difference a Triplex Cooker will make to YOUR life! Delicious cooking plus masses of piping hot water, at any time, night or day. Much less work and dirt. More leisure for you. Amazingly low fuel bills. More money to spend as you like. And for a little extra, your Triplex Cooker, fitted with large boiler, will give you



BACKGROUND HEATING (one or two radiators), as well! Why not learn more about the Triplex, TO-DAY?



### TRIPLEX The Safest CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE

The Triplex is not only a wonderfully efficient and economical Continuous Burning Fire. Because of its specially designed Fire Safety Cover, to prevent fuel spitting or falling out at night, it is also the safest you can buy. And the price has recently been reduced to only £4! The Triplex is also available as a Boiler Type, to give background heating, if desired. Write for details to:

Dept. L.5, TRIPLEX FOUNDRY LTD., GREAT BRIDGE, STAFFORDSHIRE

## An Invalid at Home?

or a child who is 'difficult' about meals



'Here is a good book,' wrote *Family Doctor* of Marguerite Patten's **INVALID COOKERY BOOK**, with its 160 pages of mouth-watering easy-to-follow recipes. Everything from soups to sweets (beverages, too) is covered in this appetite-creating book; dishes for 'a light diet,' for the convalescent, for gastric patients; milk dishes, fatless dishes, and dishes to tempt finicky children. With 26 lovely how-to-do-it photos.

**MARGUERITE PATTEN'S INVALID COOKERY BOOK** costs only 10/6 from bookshops—or, in difficulty, from the publishers. Get a copy of this solve-your problems book.

Phoenix House Ltd.  
38 William IV Street, London, W.C.2  
(You should also see Marguerite Patten's **CAKE AND BISCUIT BOOK**, 10/6)

### HAPPY MOTORISTS

The REPRESENTATIVE whose appointments are vital



Mr. Jones is an efficiency expert. To him, time is essential. A flat battery means a late start; a late start a missed appointment. But Mr. Jones is not an efficiency expert for nothing! To him a Davenset Model 'H' home charger is the peak of efficiency—which is why he bought one. Now every day, rain, hail or snow, he arrives for his appointments on time—a wise and happy motorist. The model 'H' is a compact charging unit, suitable for A.C. mains 200-250 volts, to charge 2/6/12 volt batteries at 2½ amps.

PRICE £5.17.6



THE IDEAL HOME CHARGER  
WINTER starting made easy

**DAVENSET MODEL 'H' BATTERY CHARGER**

PARTRIDGE, WILSON & CO. LTD.  
Davenset Electrical Works, Leicester

## DENTURE CLEANERS should totally dissolve

THAT stands to reason. When you buy a powder which, when dissolved in water, cleans your dentures, the powder should *all* dissolve. Dent-Odol, made to a greatly improved formula, does totally dissolve. Every grain of it works for you; and not a penny you spend on it is wasted.

But to Dent-Odol users, the absence of white powder residue means something more than pennies saved. Powder left in the denture bath is often a mixture of undissolved cleaner and calcium salts precipitated from tap water. And calcium causes 'denture glaze'—a hard, semi-transparent deposit on the denture.

Dent-Odol, which does *not* precipitate calcium, cannot cause 'denture glaze'. But it can and does remove it, when glaze is already present. A point well worth remembering.

## Dent-Odol

THE ODOL DENTURE CLEANSER  
does it better

From your chemist 1/4; large bottle 2/2½



BY THE MAKERS OF ODOL ORAL HYGIENE PRODUCTS

## RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

has friends in most parts of the world. They represent many different callings and live in many different climes—yet all would acknowledge a communion of taste. The smoker of Old Gowrie is a man whose palate appreciates the tranquil charm of pure Virginian leaf and whose instinct responds to the inherited craftsmanship of those who mature and blend it. When all is said and done, are not those the characteristics of a connoisseur?

A customer writes from Lincs—  
"I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your excellent tobaccos and for your superb service."

To be obtained ONLY from:  
**CHARLES RATTRAY**

Tobacco Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 80/- per lb., Post Paid. Send 20/4 for sample quarter-lb. tin.





For the Housewife

Saving Labour in the Kitchen

By PHYLLIS CRADOCK

SOMEONE asked me the other day to name a few of the simple little things that have really helped me in the kitchen. I would certainly include the making of sausage rolls or any other individual meat or fish rolls, in long pastry strips, and then lopping these off to the required lengths afterwards with a hot, wet knife. This has saved me hours of unnecessary labour.

Then, rinsing puff pastry tins with very cold water instead of greasing and flouring them ranks high in my opinion. I learned this from a French chef, who also taught me to dip my knife or pastry cutters into boiling water and then shake the surplus moisture off quickly before using them to cut the rolled-out paste into finished shapes.

Another professional's tip which has earned me a reputation for making magical pyramids of meringues, is just alum—powdered alum. You add a pinch of this when you fold the castor sugar into the stiffly whipped egg-whites, so that no matter how long you take in piping the finished mixture into decorative squirls and squiggles it will hold up wonderfully. Let us have no more disappointment through not knowing when the egg white is sufficiently beaten for you to add the sugar: it will be perfect if a penny (wrapped in a piece of foil for

hygiene's sake) rests firmly on the top without sinking in.

Another thing which agitates home-cooks is little globules of fat floating about on the top of their soups just as they are about to send them to table. If this ever happens to you, use a piece of clean blotting paper to blot the surface of your soup.

The shops are full of grapefruit just now, and although we may think we are being clever when we choose the one with the clearest, smoothest, and most unblemished skin, the ones the experts go for are those that look blemished and have small brown marks and flecks on them.

And now a recipe—for an appetising bread-and-butter pudding. You will need several thin slices of bread, margarine to spread on liberally, 1½ pints of sweetened custard (about the consistency of fresh cream before it is whipped) and 4 ounces of sultanas or mixed sultanas and currants.

First, line a medium-sized pie-dish with some of the margarine-spread slices. Sprinkle with fruit, put in more bread and fruit, in layers. Pour on the hot custard, right to the top of the pie-dish, and bake at electrical temperature 300 or gas mark 4 for about twenty-five minutes. During the baking the dried fruits swell in the bubbling custard, the top and sides of the

pudding become crisp and golden while the middle stays soft and fluffy.

Notes on Contributors

MAX LERNER (page 123): American journalist and radio commentator; an editorial director of P.M., 1943-48; Professor of Political Science at Williams College, Massachusetts, 1938-43; an editor of The Nation, 1936-38

TERENCE PRITTIE (page 125): Manchester Guardian correspondent in Germany

WILLIAM PICKLES (page 127): Senior Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics

MICHAEL CURTIS (page 129): assistant editor of the News Chronicle

JULIAN DUGUID (page 133): explorer and writer; has recently returned from a ten weeks tour in Brazil; author of Green Hell, etc.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ (page 135): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge

REV. VICTOR WHITE, O.P. (page 137): Reader of Theology at Blackfriars, Oxford; author of God and the Unconscious, etc.

JOHN HAMPDEN JACKSON (page 144): author of Finland, Estonia, etc.

Crossword No. 1,238.

Cyclic Fours.

By Topher

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 28

Each across line of the diagram contains three four-letter words written consecutively, but not necessarily starting at the beginning of the line, since the latter is to be regarded as cyclic, e.g., one line might read ET/ROLL/GRIN/PO. For each line the clue consists of a couplet in which the three words for that line (not necessarily in the right order) will be found in jumbled form, but in every case with an extra letter interpolated, e.g., DOOM could be concealed by 'come down'. Punctuation is to be disregarded. Down clues are normal.

A	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
B												
C												
D												
E												
F												
G												
H												
I												
J												
K												
L												

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

- A. My wife so spry climbs up the mountain-side; I go by train, wise soul, and pocket pride.
- B. No dictionary will please us, no thesaurus; We spurn a lexicon, and crosswords bore us.
- C. When March returns, we sow a million seeds; But all that springs up is a crop of weeds.
- D. The nicest holiday we ever spent Was when we stopped outdoors and pitched a tent.
- E. It rained; it blew; the water soaked the stores; But oh, the pleasure when we went indoors.
- F. Cheese, flyblown vegetables, a knife; The artist calls this picture a 'Still Life'.
- G. Children asleep in cosy cots, my wife A kindred spirit—that's to me 'Still Life'.
- H. A setter is a dog and beast I claim; A crossword setter often is the same.
- I. Cried Spooner, 'Look; eight porters in a tram.' I saw he held a tortoise in a pram.
- J. 'Invest at once' the poster said; in vest And pants more modestly we should be dressed.
- K. Intoxication never can be right; But let's become gay revellers tonight.
- L. THE LISTENER puzzles occupy less time With clues attempted in a nonsense rhyme.

DOWN

- 1. Arranges for players or box allowances (12).
- 2. It's low and moist and ground (5).
- 3R. Clay the Cockney took in order to get on with it (4).
- 4. Opinions formed when you have to take food before places in society (12).
- 5. Run before the master (5).
- 6. Sordid purpose (4).
- 7. & 25. A queue scheme (4).
- 8. Continued application (12).
- 9. The cargo is most improbable (4).
- 10. Makes a modification about original choices (12).

- 11. Presumably it failed to give delight to Herrick (8).
- 12. Not what the schoolboy means when he says 'Dry up' (5).
- 13. Secret excise (6).
- 14R. Dust the trunk (4).
- 15. Dull and speechless in Shakespeare's sonnets (6).
- 16. A state or a balloon (8).
- 17. Not down-hearted, though down in most respects (5).
- 18R. Stick to leather (4).
- 19. A suitable bird has turned into a trench (4).
- 20. Side of the head which could be made part (4).
- 21R. Byron's poet '— with such a fervour of intention' (4).
- 22R. & 26. Negotiation as prayer ends (6).
- 23. Make a face at the hiring-fair (3).
- 24. Brood in a solemn yet gloomy manner (3).
- 25. See 7.
- 26. See 22R.

Solution of No. 1,236

Prizewinners: 1st Prize: D. J. Thompson (Buckland); 2nd prize: Mrs. T. England (Goffs Oak); 3rd prize: M. F. Howard (Cambridge)

1	2	3	4	5
T	R	U	S	T
6				
R				
9	10			
U	L	N	A	E
11				
S	E	A	T	S
12				
T	R	E	S	S

NOTES

7, 3, 10, 13, 8 = EULER

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



# Study at Home for a DEGREE

NO matter what your position or prospects, a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without 'going into residence' or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You can prepare for these AT HOME AND IN LEISURE HOURS with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall postal courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain degrees, thereby increasing their mental abilities, widening their outlook, and raising their status.

## Prospectus

may be obtained from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D.,  
Director of Studies, Dept. FE8.

**WOLSEY HALL  
OXFORD**

Foreign travel is easier, cheaper and much more enjoyable if one knows ESPERANTO, the international language. Be bi-lingual in ESPERANTO and make friends in all parts of the globe.

A correspondence course, including text book, dictionary and correction of exercises, costs only 10s. Send stamp for particulars:

BRITISH ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION, INC.  
Dept. L.23g,  
140, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11

**C.H.A.**

At Home or Abroad  
C.H.A. will give you  
A Wonderful Holiday.

Send for the attractive illustrated booklet describing 80 well-appointed centres. Excursions arranged, every comfort provided. Whether you go alone or with a party you will make many new friends. Charges are very reasonable. BOOK EARLY!

**C.H.A. (Dept. E)**  
Birch Heys, Manchester, 14

## UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

### GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

This Certificate, if offered in four or five subjects at the Ordinary Level, can provide satisfactory evidence of good general education for those wishing to enter banks, insurance offices, mercantile houses, etc. With certain stipulations it can exempt from Professional Preliminary examinations; moreover, for students aiming to gain a London University Degree (obtainable without residence), it can effect entrance to the University. Students are prepared by U.C.C. for the Ordinary and Advanced Levels of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others. The College, founded 1887, has a staff of highly qualified specialist Tutors. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ PROSPECTUS containing full information post free from the Registrar.

56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

## The Smallest Life - boat

costs £13,000. The Lifeboat Service has never been needed more than it is today—but, like everything else, it costs more.

The smallest contribution will help, send yours to

### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland. Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.



A Scottish  
Coxswain

## AS GOOD AS NEW



Send to us your old silverware—Teapots, Spoons, Forks, Entree Dishes, etc. No matter what condition they are in, we will return them to you "As good as new." We silver-plate stainless chrome plate and repair at small cost.

Free price list gladly sent on request. EST. 1900

**JAMES ALLEN & CO.**  
Dept. L, VICTORIA WORKS  
VICTORIA STREET, SHEFFIELD 3  
Only Old Sheffield Craftsmen Employed

## FIRE! GENII GALORE IN EVERY NU-SWIFT!

Sealed pressure charges explain the speed, reliability and efficiency of Nu-Swift Fire Extinguishers. Strike the knob—the genii instantly leap out to slay your fire!

NU-SWIFT LTD · ELLAND · YORKS  
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

## FREE POST THE COUPON TODAY FOR OUR BROCHURE ON THE LATEST METHODS OF HOME TRAINING FOR OVER 150 CAREERS & HOBBIES

The advantages of E.M.I. training.

★ The teaching methods are planned to meet modern industrial requirements. ★ We offer training in all subjects which provide lucrative jobs or interesting hobbies. ★ A tutor is personally allotted by name to ensure private and individual tuition. ★ Free advice covering all aspects of training is given to students before and after enrolling with us.

### POST THIS COUPON TODAY

Please send without obligation your FREE book.  
E.M.I. INSTITUTES, Dept. 183, 43 Grove Park  
Road, London, W.4.

NAME

ADDRESS

I.C.180

## EMI INSTITUTES

The only Postal College which is part of a world-wide Industrial Organisation.

## Write for Profit in Spare Time

If you have a ready pen you can be trained to write and sell articles and stories in spare time—wherever you live.

Hundreds of editors are in constant need of fresh contributions and pay liberally for good work. Learn the essential technique by post—how to write, what to write about, how to prepare MSS. and HOW TO SELL THEM for the best prices.

Send today to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJJ32C), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "How to Succeed as a Writer," which gives full details.

By applying promptly you will have the opportunity of enrolling at very moderate terms. Many students earn the fee several times over during tuition.

## SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination: B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, &c. Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c. and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 70,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES  
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (DI/1).

## METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

## NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

(Reg. Acc. Nat. Ass. Act 1948)

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Chairman:

The Most Hon.

The Marquis of Normanby, M.B.E.

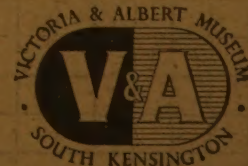
"I am quite sure that nothing is more appreciated in the blind world than your Library." (Extract from letter received from an Institution for the Blind.)

There is an ever increasing demand by blind readers for Braille books.

## LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

are urgently needed and will be most gratefully received by the Secretary,

35, GREAT SMITH ST., LONDON, S.W.1



## EVENING LECTURES

(Illustrated)

WEDNESDAYS AT 6.15 P.M.

Admission Free

Jan. 27 — AN INTRODUCTION TO CHINESE

PORCELAIN

by Margaret Medley

Feb. 3 — MEANING AND SYMBOL IN WILLIAM

BLAKE (1) THE GATES OF PARADISE

by George Wingfield Digby

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS AT 8 P.M.

Jan. 24 — THE ENGLISH OPERA GROUP

Jan. 31 — THE BOYO NEEL CONCERT SOCIETY